

DOLL MAN

A QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION

ICD
4

THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MITE



NARCOTICS!

In this issue-
**THE DEADLY
MENACE OF-**

THE DEATH DRUG!

APRIL No. 39

10¢





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UNIVERSE.COM

DOLL MAN

Doll Man



IT WAS A NARCOTIC DRUG A THOUSAND TIMES MORE POWERFUL --- AND MORE DANGEROUS --- THAN THE WORLD HAD EVER KNOWN! IN THE HANDS OF A MAN LIKE MONK, THE DRUG MIGHT BE A WEAPON TO FURTHER A MAD DREAM OF GANG-LAND EMPIRE! ONLY THE **DOLL MAN** AND THE **DOLL GIRL**, DIMINUTIVE CHAMPIONS OF JUSTICE, CAN STOP THE DREADFUL MENACE OF

" THE DEATH DRUG! "

DOLL MAN

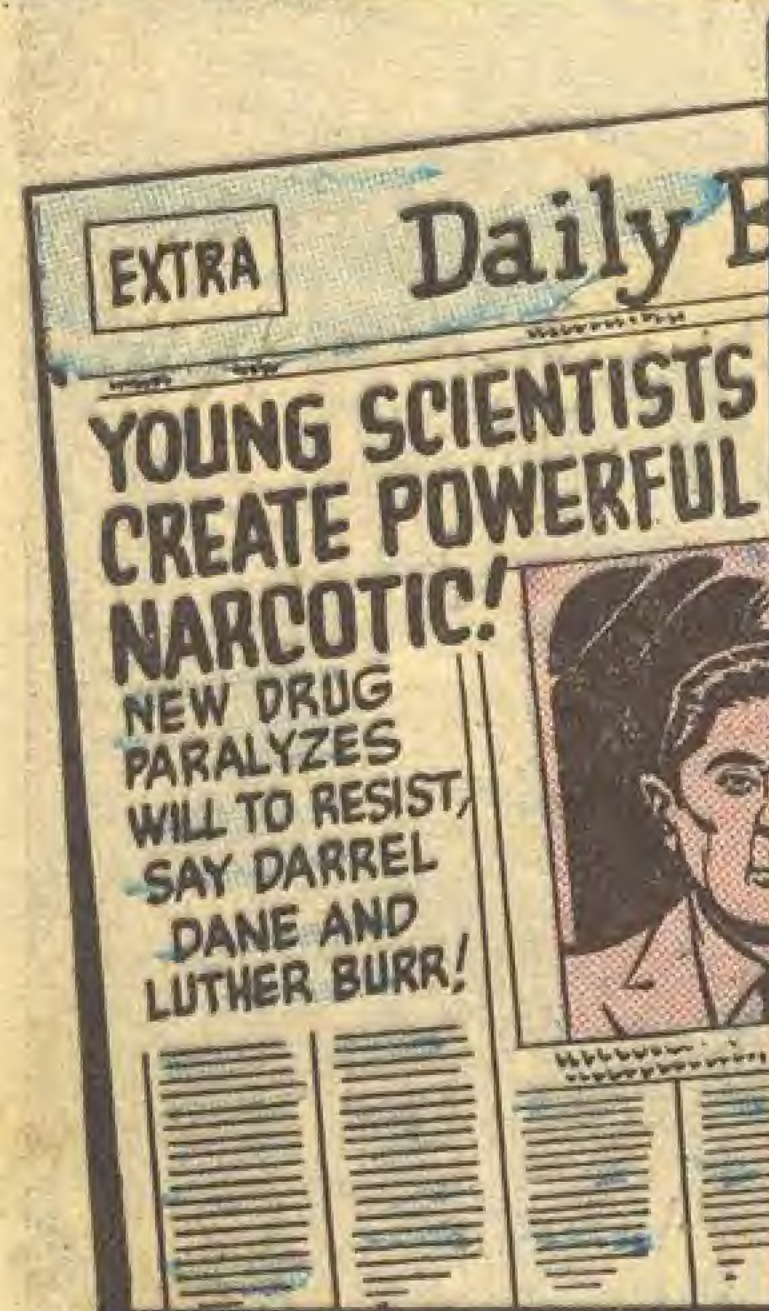
IN THE FANTASTICALLY FURNISHED HIDEOUT OF MONK, UNDERWORLD CHIEFTAIN!

WHY'D YOU ASK US TO COME HERE, TONIGHT, MONK?

WE'VE BEEN PEDDLING NARCOTICS TOO LONG! THE HEAT IS WORSE ALL THE TIME! AND IT'S GETTING HARDER TO HIRE MEN TO WORK FOR US!

YOU MEAN YOU'RE QUITTING THE DOPE RACKET, BOSS?

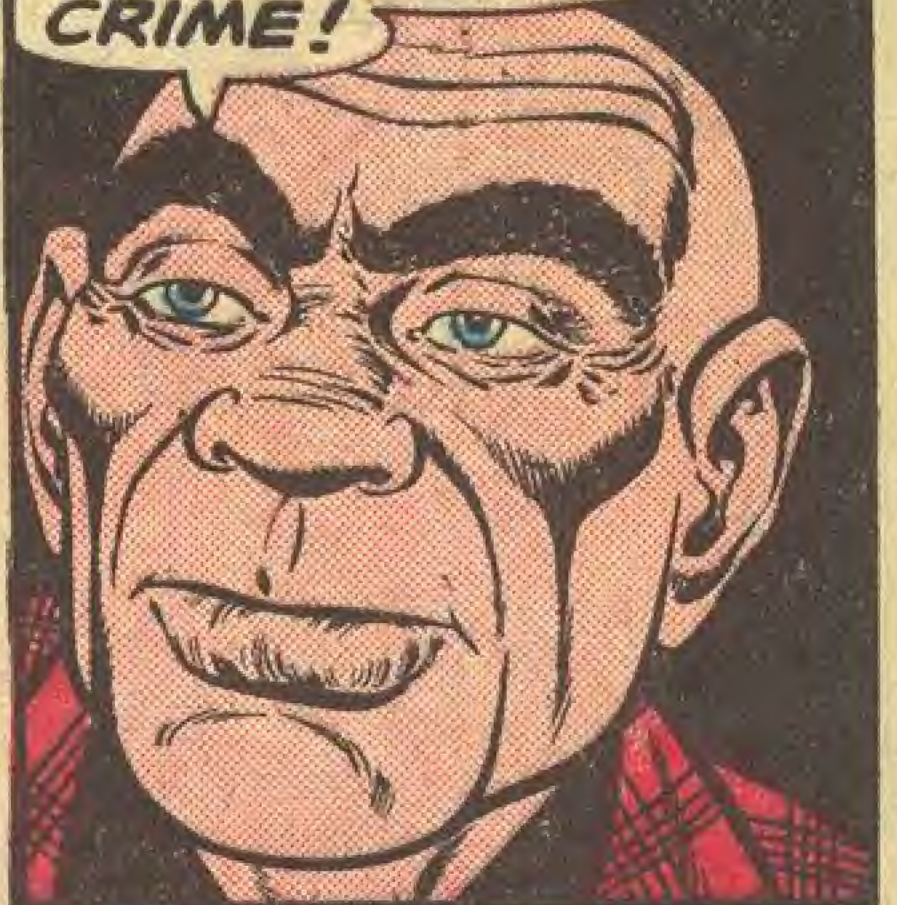
I'M JUST GOING TO EXPAND OUR ACTIVITIES! HAVE ANY OF YOU BOYS READ THE MORNING PAPER? TAKE A LOOK AT IT!



WHAT'S A NEW KIND OF DRUG GOT TO DO WITH US, MONK? WE GOT LOTS OF CUSTOMERS FOR HEROIN, AND MARIJUANA AND THE USUAL STUFF!

THIS NEW NARCOTIC IS A THOUSAND TIMES MORE POWERFUL! JUST THE MEREST WHIFF, AND THE ADDICT BECOMES HELPLESS... WILL OBEY ANY ORDER GIVEN TO HIM!

THE SCIENTISTS WHO CREATED IT ONLY EXPECT TO USE IT FOR CERTAIN TYPES OF VIOLENT MENTAL CASES! BUT I CAN USE IT TO BECOME UNDISPUTED RULER OF...
AN EMPIRE OF CRIME!



IN THE RESEARCH LABORATORY SHARED BY YOUNG SCIENTISTS DARREL DANE AND LUTHER BURR...



AREN'T YOU TWO GENIUSES EVER GOING TO QUIT?

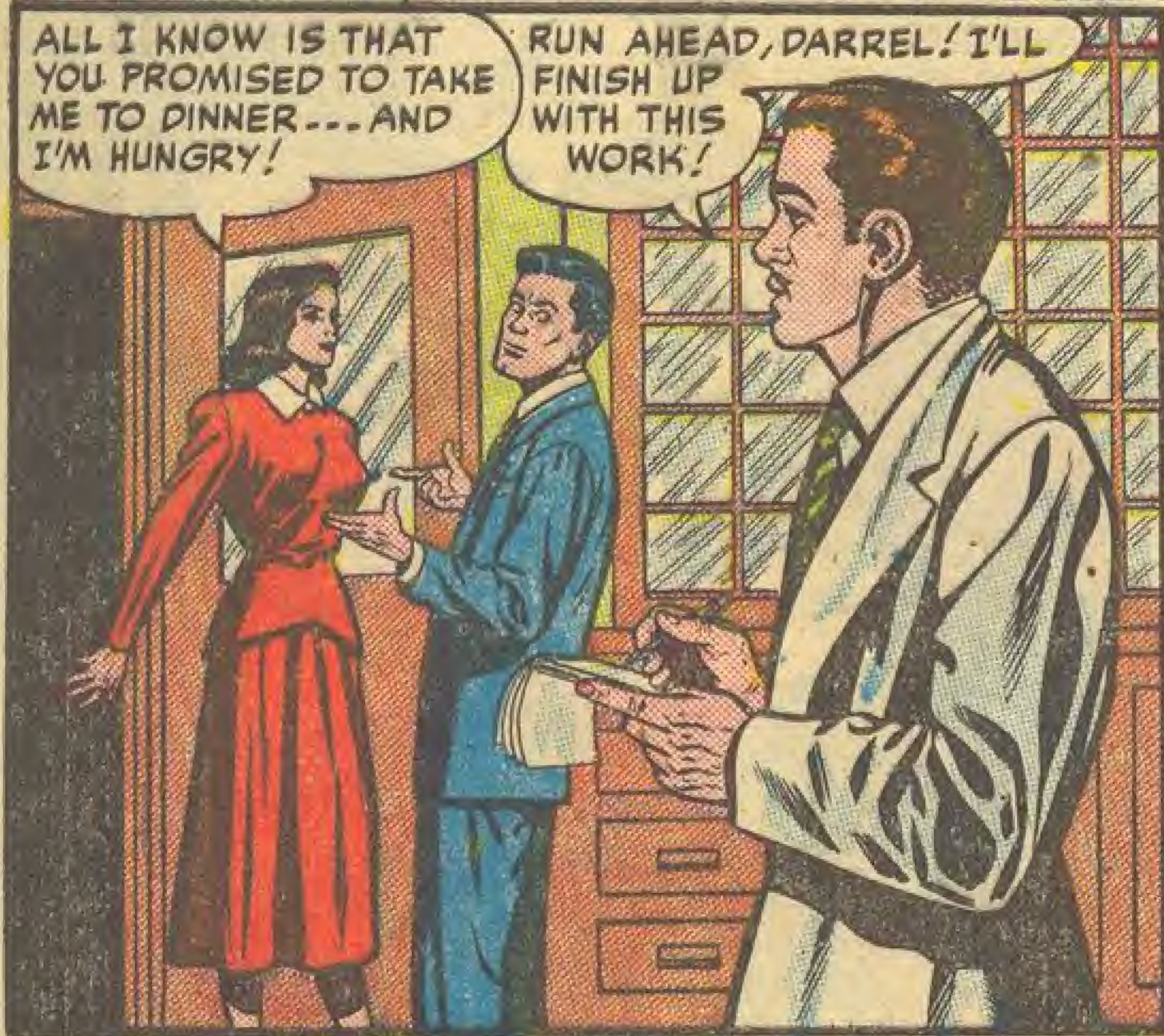
COME IN, MARTHA! WE'RE JUST WRITING DOWN THE FORMULA FOR OUR NEW NARCOTIC!

IT INVOLVES A COMPLICATED FORMULA, INCLUDING THE USE OF HYDROPONICS IN THE EARLY STAGES AND...

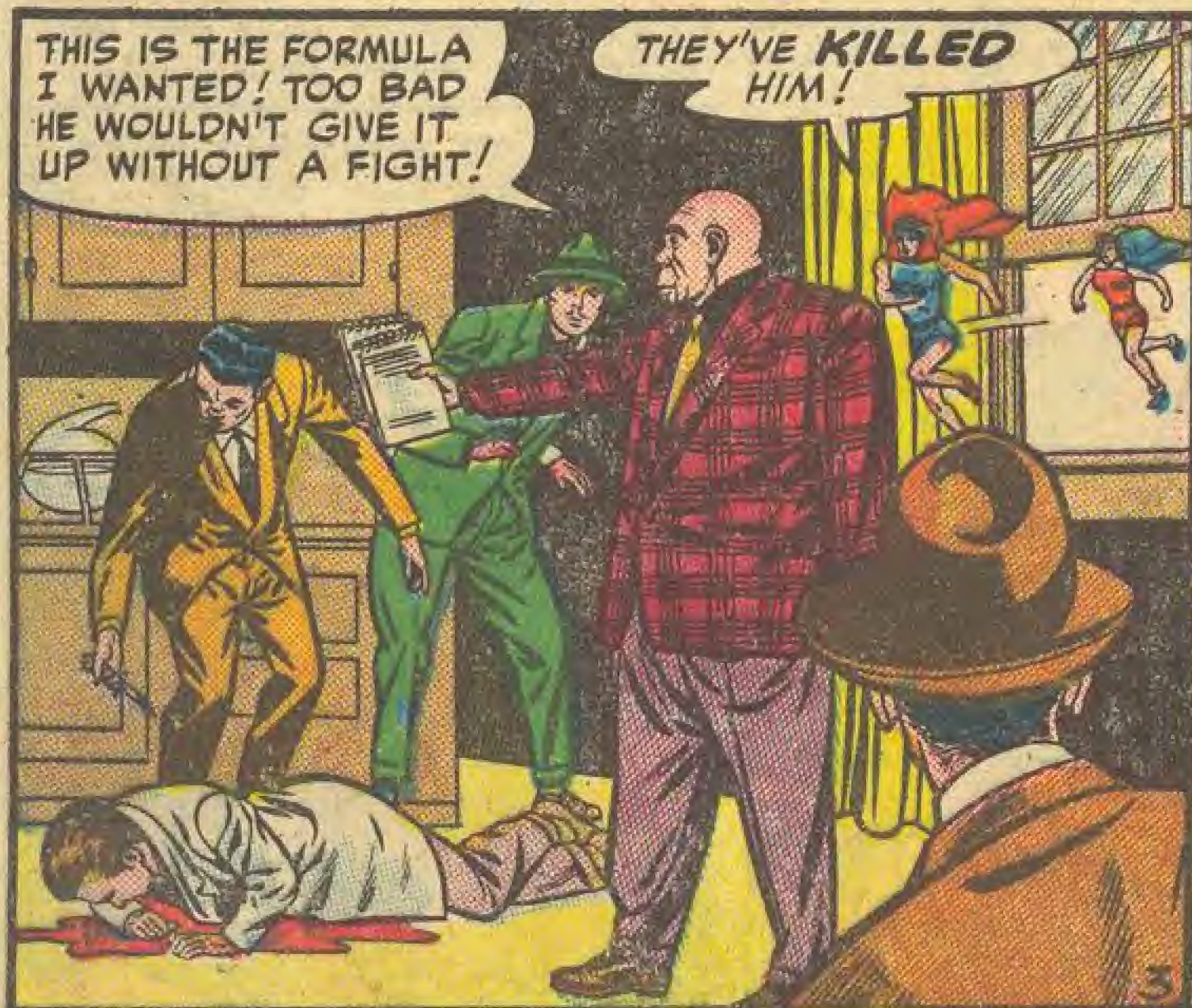
I JUST TUNED OUT, DARREL! I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU SAY!



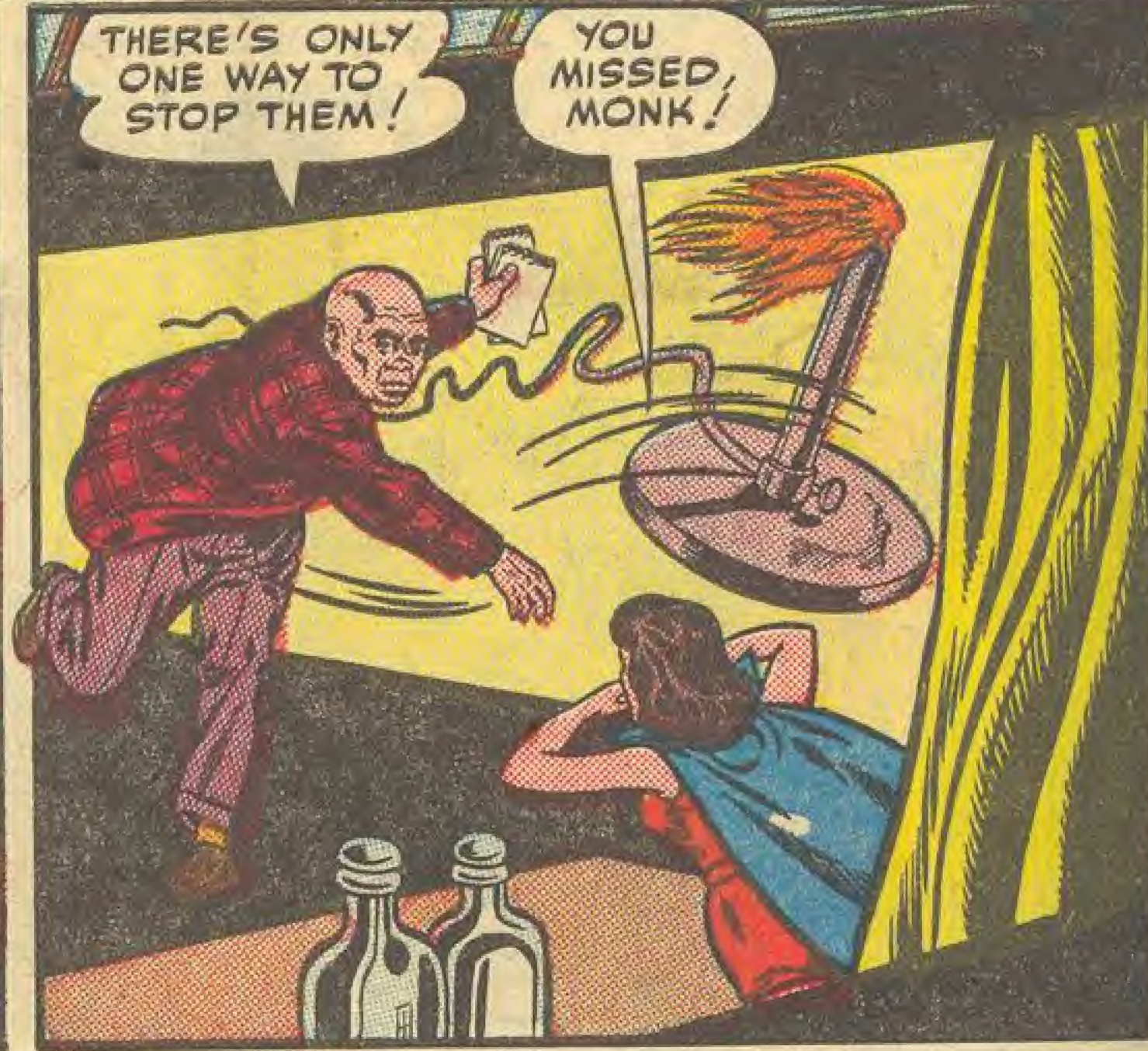
DOLL MAN



BY CONCENTRATING THEIR AMAZING WILL POWER, DARREL DANE AND MARTHA ROBERTS, HIS FIANCEE, CAN TELESCOPE THEIR BODIES DOWN INTO THE MINIATURE MARVELS, **DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL!**



DOLL MAN



WORKING SWIFTLY, DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL AVERT DISASTER...



DOLL MAN

LATER, IN MONK'S HEADQUARTERS ---



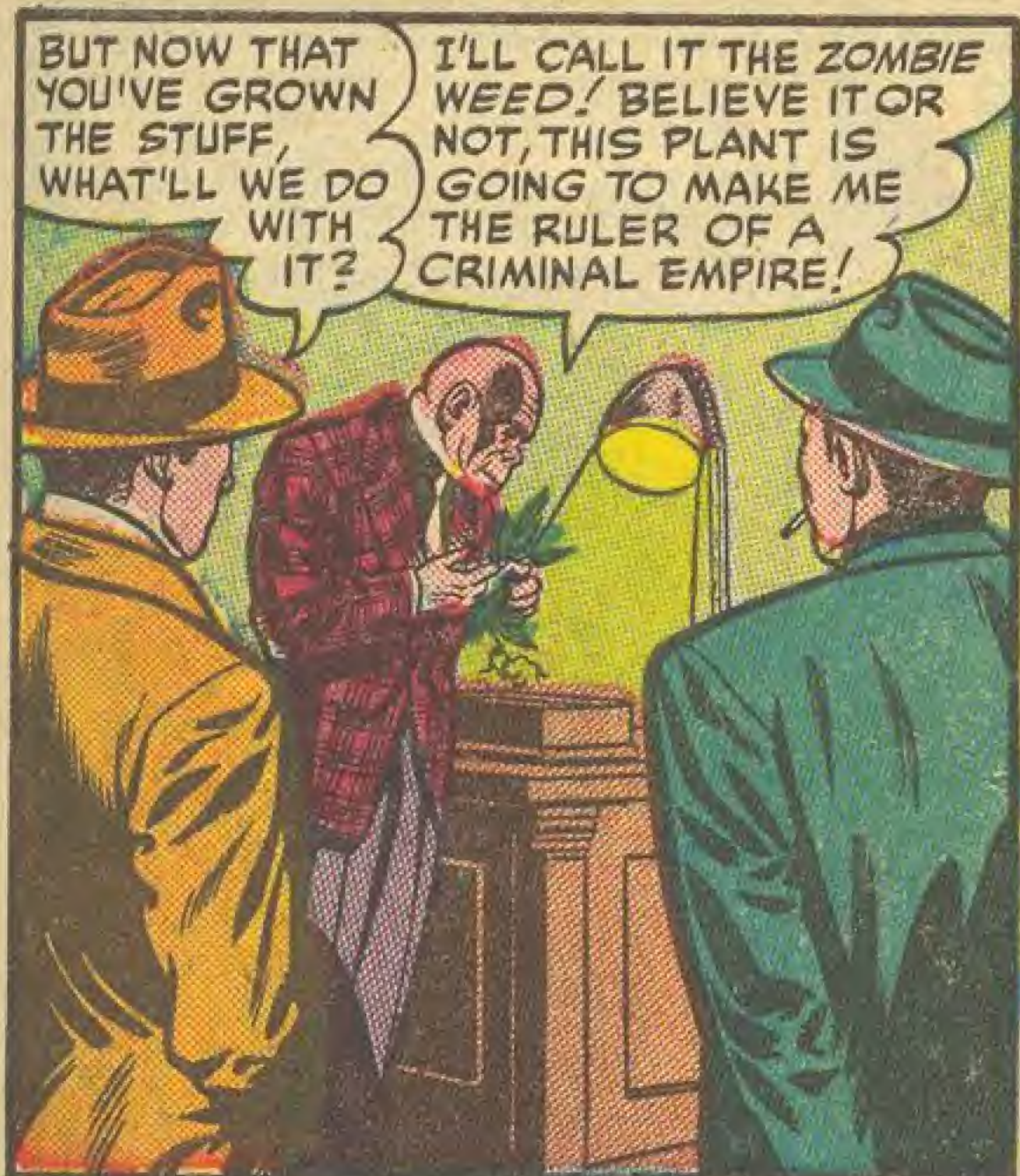
HE IS THE CZAR OF THE NARCOTICS TRADE! BUT MONK CAN'T NEED YOUR NEW DRUG JUST TO SUPPLY HIS REGULAR CUSTOMERS!

I'M AFRAID WE'LL LEARN THE ANSWER SOONER THAN WE THINK, DOLL GIRL!



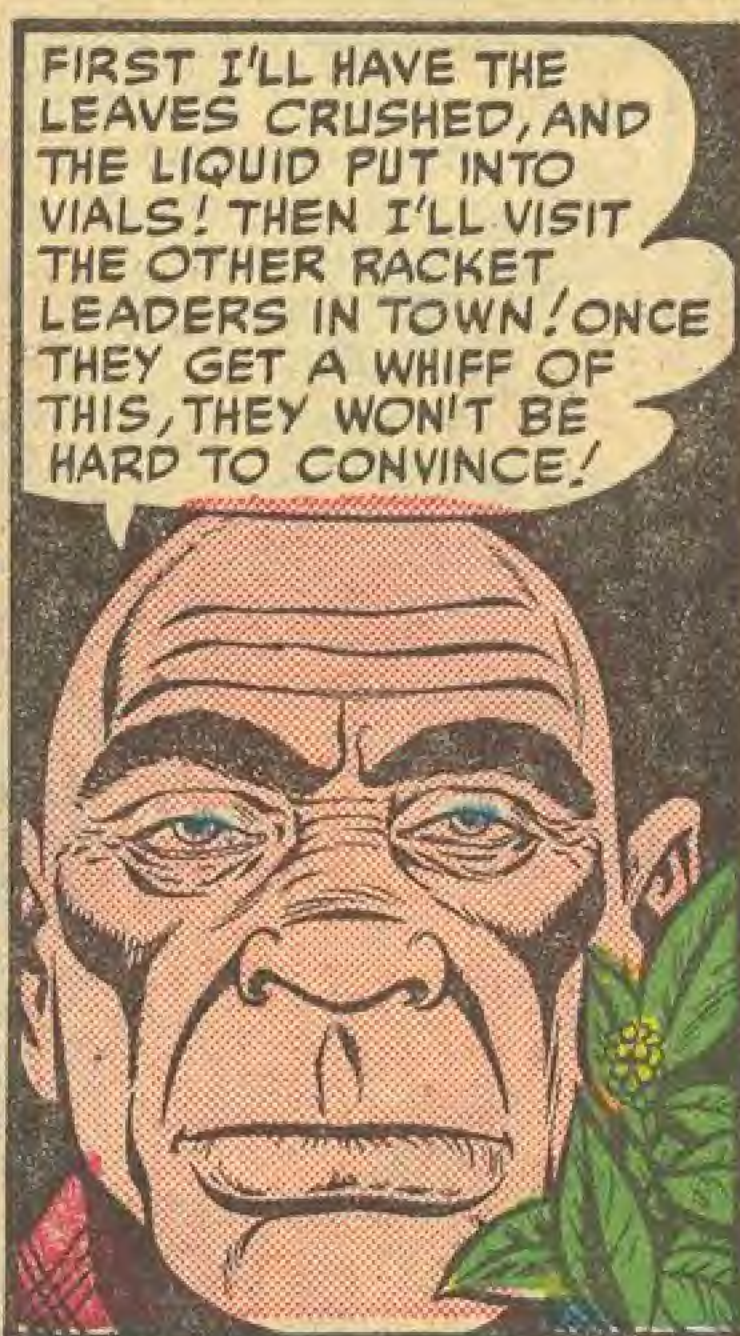
THERE IT IS, BOYS! WE'VE SUCCEEDED IN CREATING THE NEW NARCOTIC PLANT! I FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO STIMULATE IT WITH PROTEINS, AND PLANT IT IN MINERALLY FORTIFIED WATER!

YOU'VE GOT BRAINS, BOSS!



BUT NOW THAT YOU'VE GROWN THE STUFF, WHAT'LL WE DO WITH IT?

I'LL CALL IT THE ZOMBIE WEED! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THIS PLANT IS GOING TO MAKE ME THE RULER OF A CRIMINAL EMPIRE!



FIRST I'LL HAVE THE LEAVES CRUSHED, AND THE LIQUID PUT INTO VIALS! THEN I'LL VISIT THE OTHER RACKET LEADERS IN TOWN! ONCE THEY GET A WHIFF OF THIS, THEY WON'T BE HARD TO CONVINCE!

MONK PAYS A VISIT TO MORRO, UNDERWORLD BOSS OF THE GAMBLING COMBINE ---



YOU WANT ME TO WORK FOR YOU, MONK? YOU'RE EITHER CRAZY... OR MUSCLING IN ON MY RACKET! IN EITHER CASE YOU'RE TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!

GO AHEAD, MORRO! SIGNAL YOUR HENCHMEN!



WHEN THEY GET HERE, YOU'LL TELL THEM THAT I AM THE NEW LEADER OF THE GAMBLING COMBINE! YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

YOU'RE AS GOOD AS DEAD NOW, YOU CRAZ... I... I...

As MORRO'S HENCHMEN ENTER, THEY ARE GREETED BY THEIR GLASSY-EYED LEADER...



WHAT'S WRONG, MORRO?

NOTHING AT ALL! I... I JUST WANT INTRODUCE YOU TO MONK! FROM NOW ON HE'S YOUR NEW BOSS! WE'RE ALL WORKING FOR HIM!



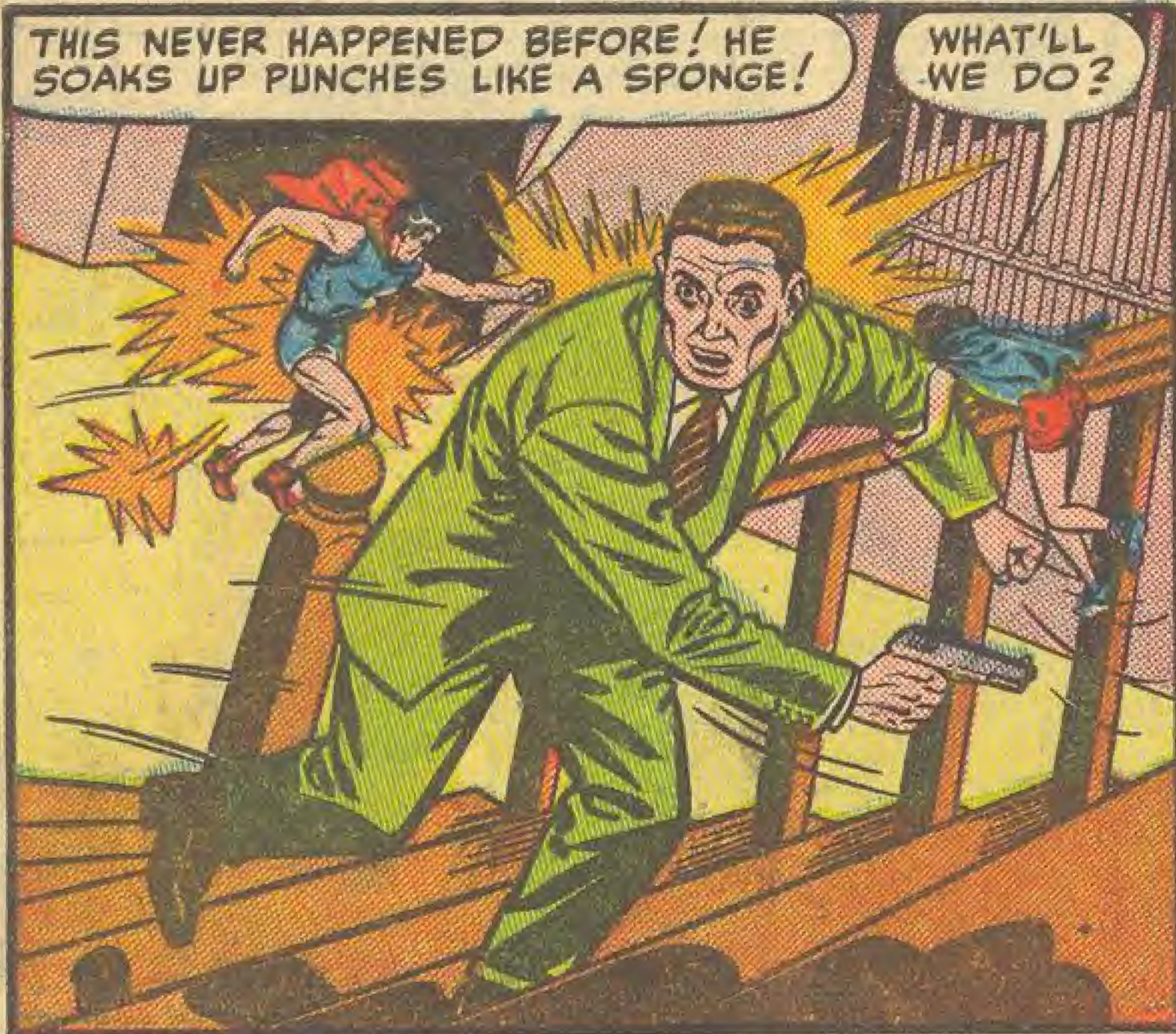
DOLL MAN



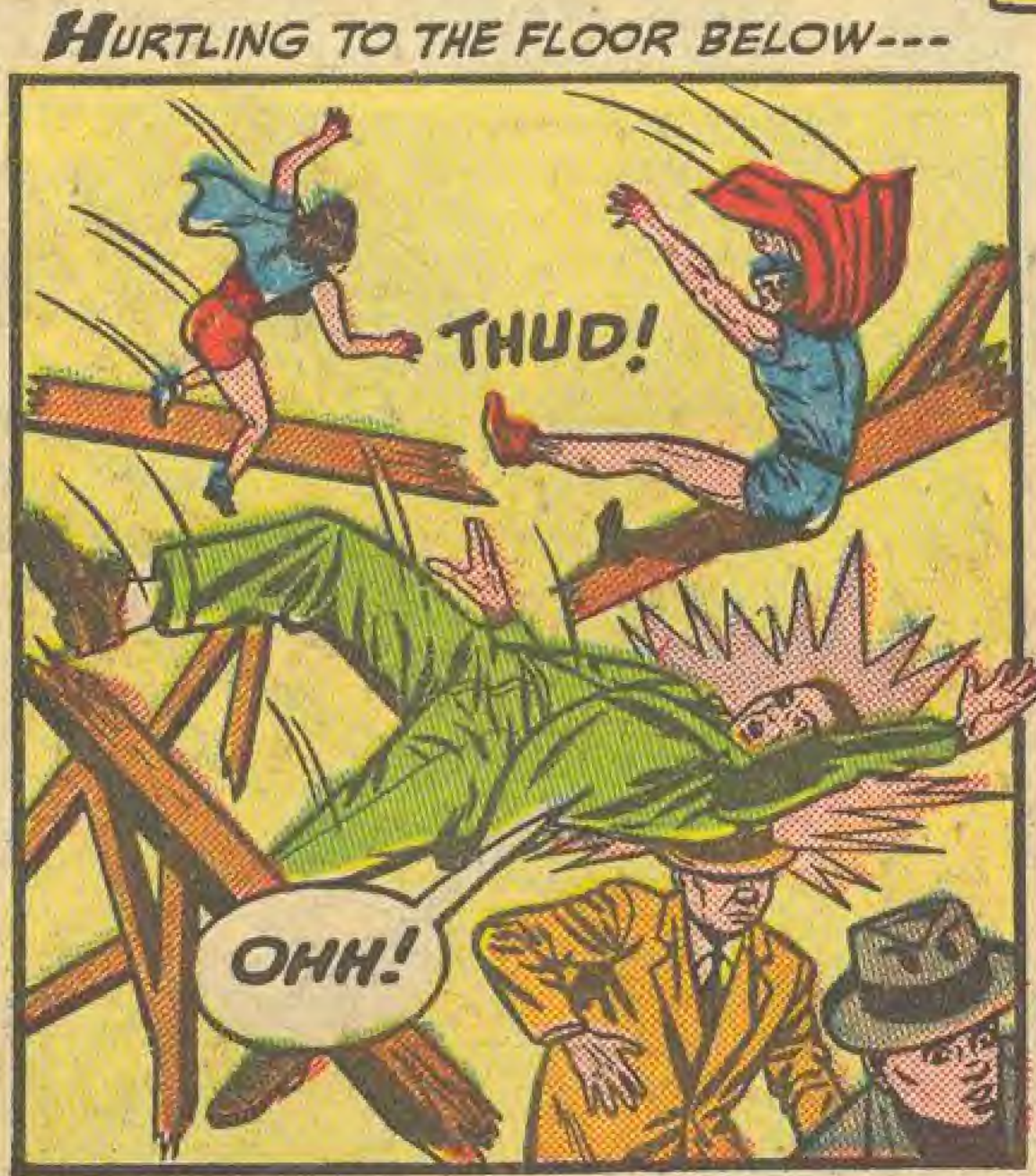
QUICK AS A FLASH, DARREL DANE AND MARTHA ROBERTS BECOME DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL!



DOLL MAN



DAZED MINUTES LATER---



DOLL MAN

IN A VAST INDOOR GREENHOUSE ---

WE'VE GOT THOUSANDS OF THE ZOMBIE WEED PLANTS! THEY'RE ALL GROWN, AND READY FOR SHIPPING!

START LOADING THEM INTO THE TRUNKS!

WE'LL SEND THEM TO DISTRIBUTORS IN EVERY CITY! EACH NARCOTIC PLANT WILL CREATE A HUNDRED NEW ADDICTS! AND EVERY ADDICT WILL WORK FOR US... OR WE'LL CUT OFF HIS SUPPLY OF THE DRUG!

WE WON'T LIMIT THE STUFF TO CRIMINALS! BANK TELLERS AND ARMORED CAR GUARDS, JEWELRY CLERKS! EVERYBODY WHO CAN TRADE VALUABLE SECRETS FOR THE ZOMBIE WEED! GET THE PICTURE?

YOU'VE PAINTED IT PRETTY CLEARLY, MONK!

AND IT ONLY GOES TO SHOW HOW FAR YOUR MANIA FOR POWER HAS GONE!

THE DOLL MAN!

SHOOT HIM DOWN!

DON'T BE SILLY! I'M HERE, TOO!

BLAM!

THE LITTLE IMPS SNEAKED IN HERE! BUT THEY WON'T GET OUT... ALIVE!

POW!

NEVER MIND LOADING THE TRUCKS NOW! GET THEM FIRST!

OKAY, MONK!

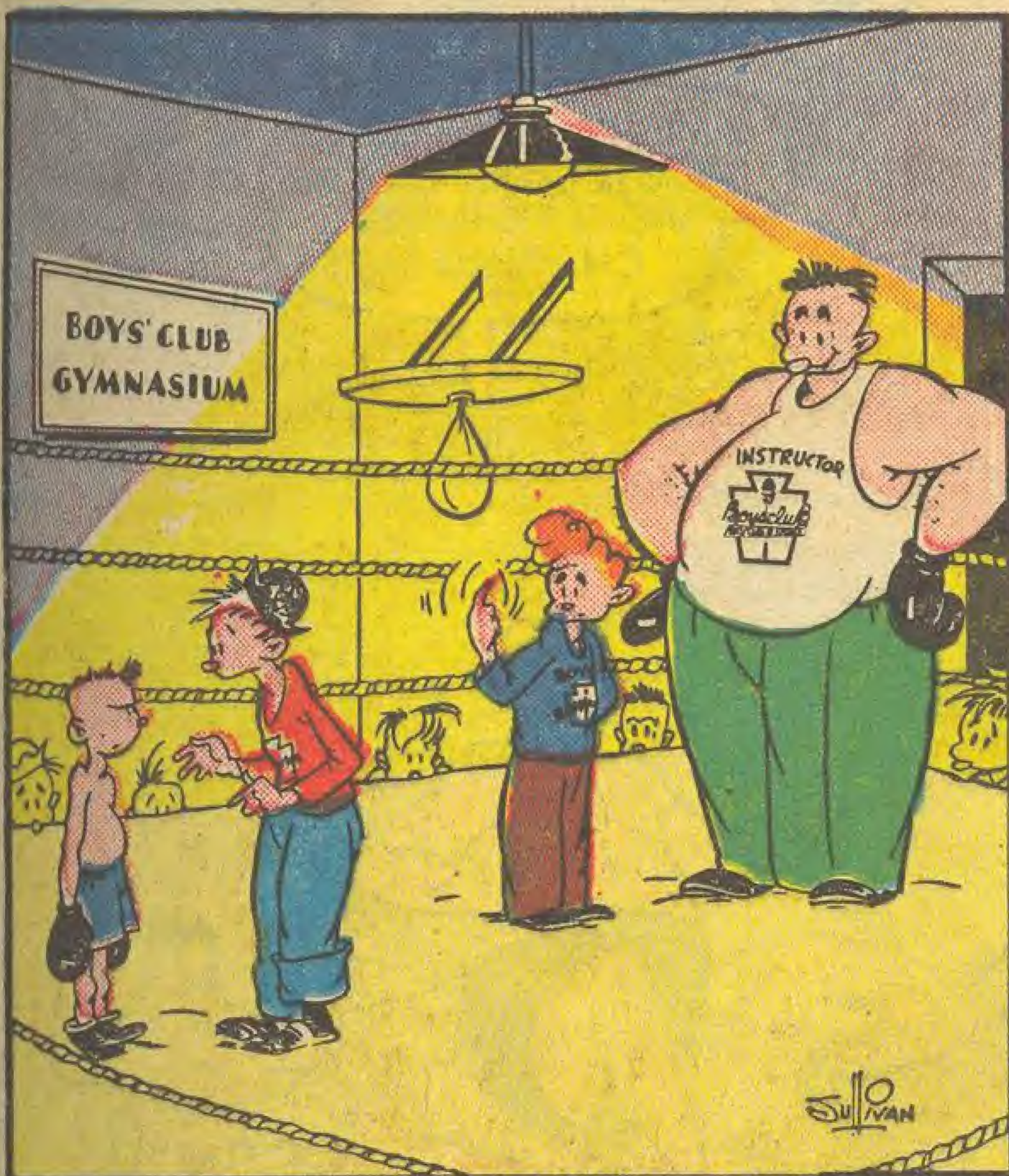


Announcing NATIONAL BOYS' CLUB WEEK



**MARCH 31
TO
APRIL 6**

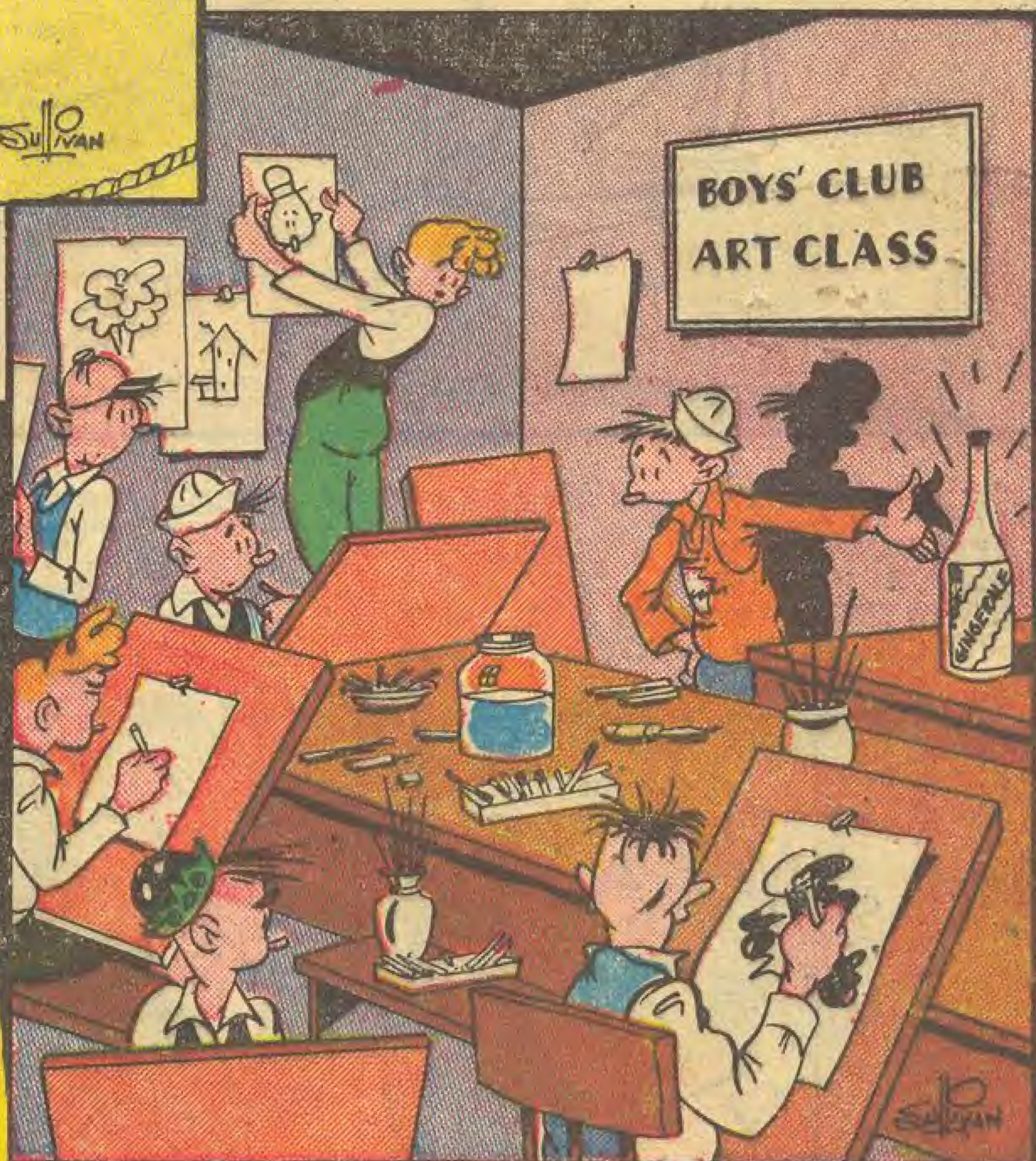
Boys' Clubs of America



"TAKE IT EASY WITH HIM, BUTCH-BOXIN' INSTRUCTORS ARE HARD TO GET NOW-A-DAYS!"

**BUILDING THE
CITIZENS OF
TOMORROW**

**Support the
BOYS' CLUB
in YOUR community.**



"WHAT SHALL WE DO, FELLERS - DRAW PICTURES OF IT OR SELL IT FOR A NICKEL?"

TORCHY

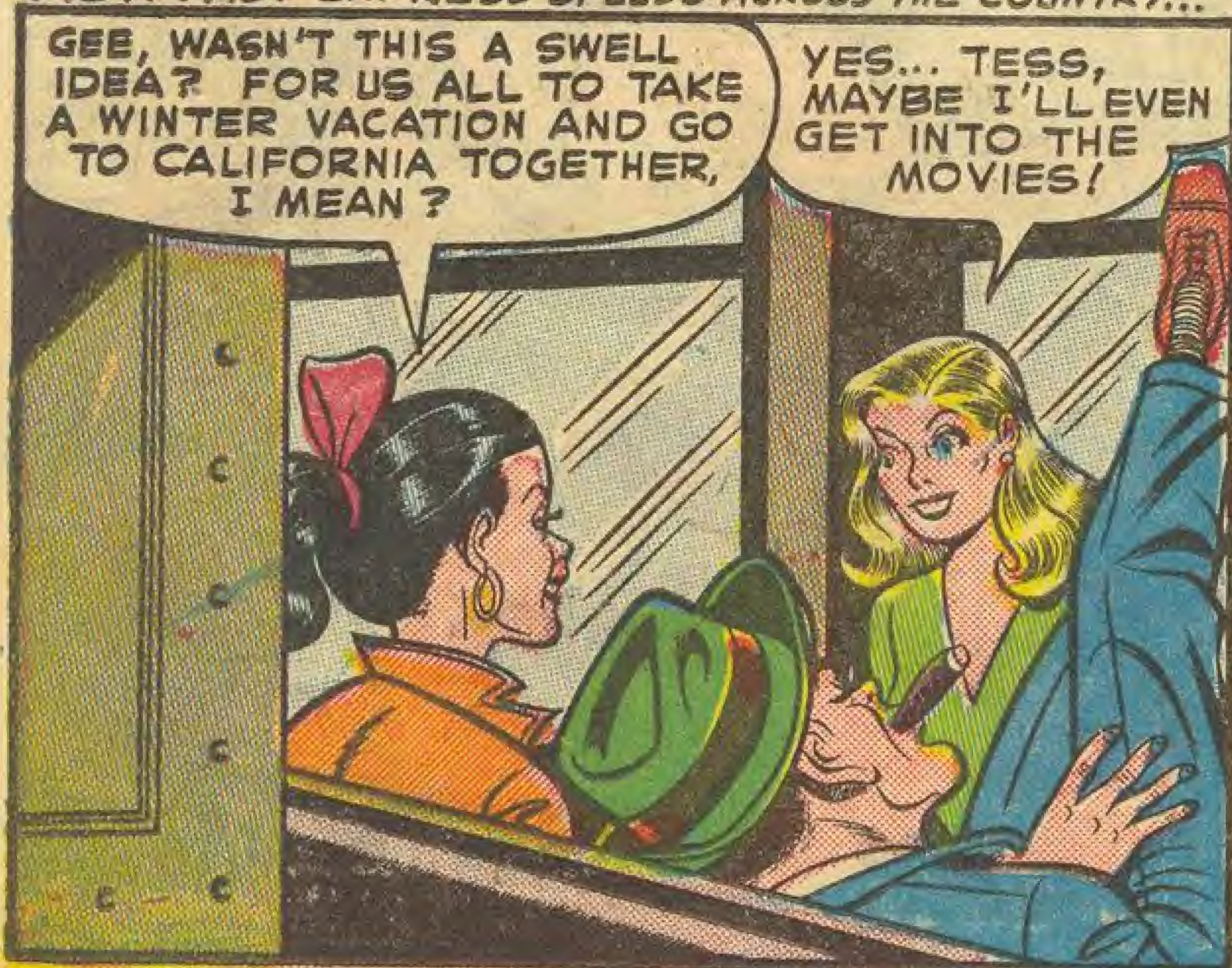


I MIGHT AS WELL RUN IN THIS DIRECTION AS LONG AS THE WIFE'S CHASING ME!

AS A FAST EXPRESS SPEEDS ACROSS THE COUNTRY...

GEE, WASN'T THIS A SWELL IDEA? FOR US ALL TO TAKE A WINTER VACATION AND GO TO CALIFORNIA TOGETHER, I MEAN?

YES... TESS, MAYBE I'LL EVEN GET INTO THE MOVIES!

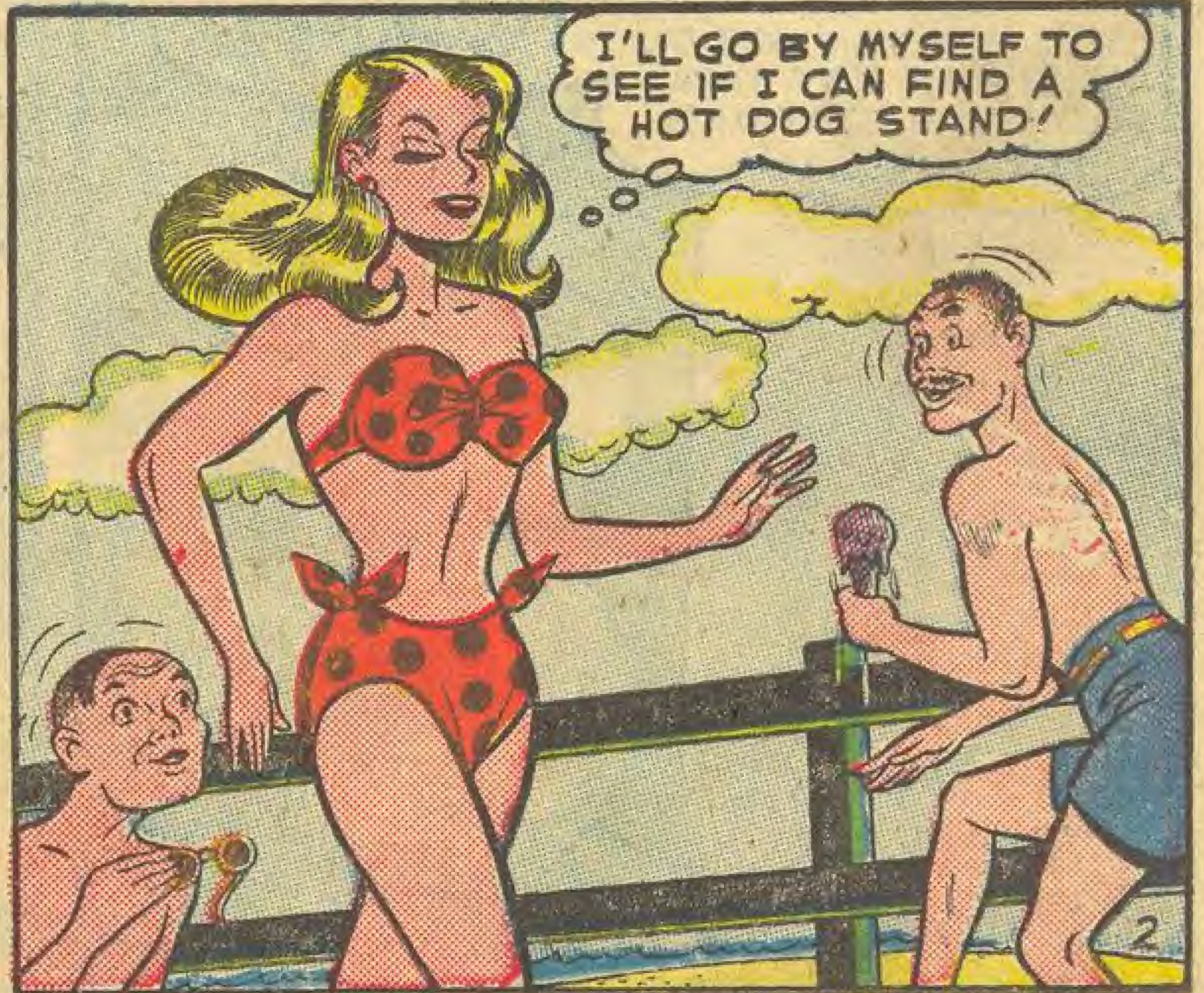


SHE MIGHT AT THAT, CHICKEN! YOU'RE JUST THE TYPE, TORCHY!

SHE'S THE TYPE BUT WE WON'T BE NEAR HOLLYWOOD!

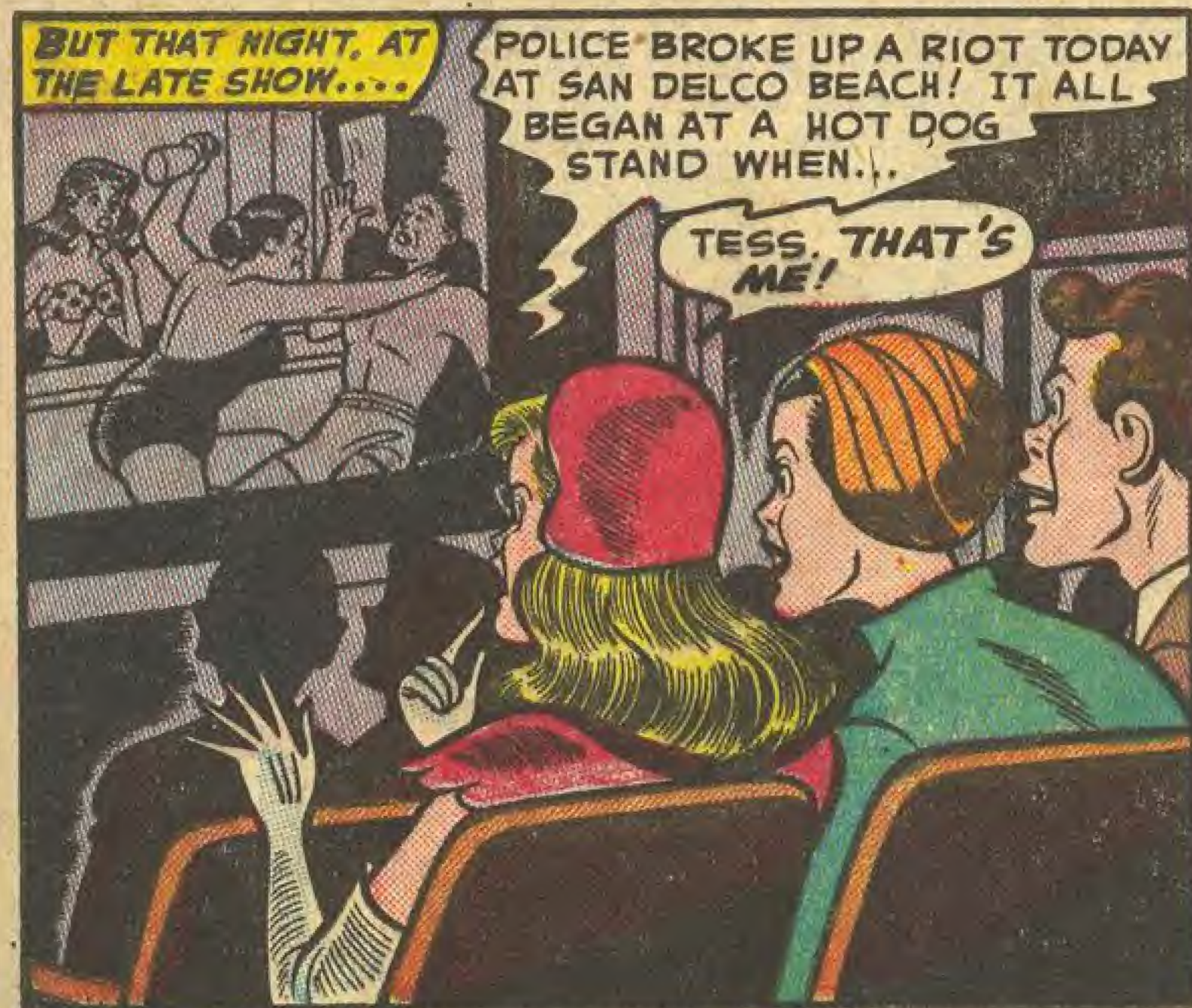


DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN



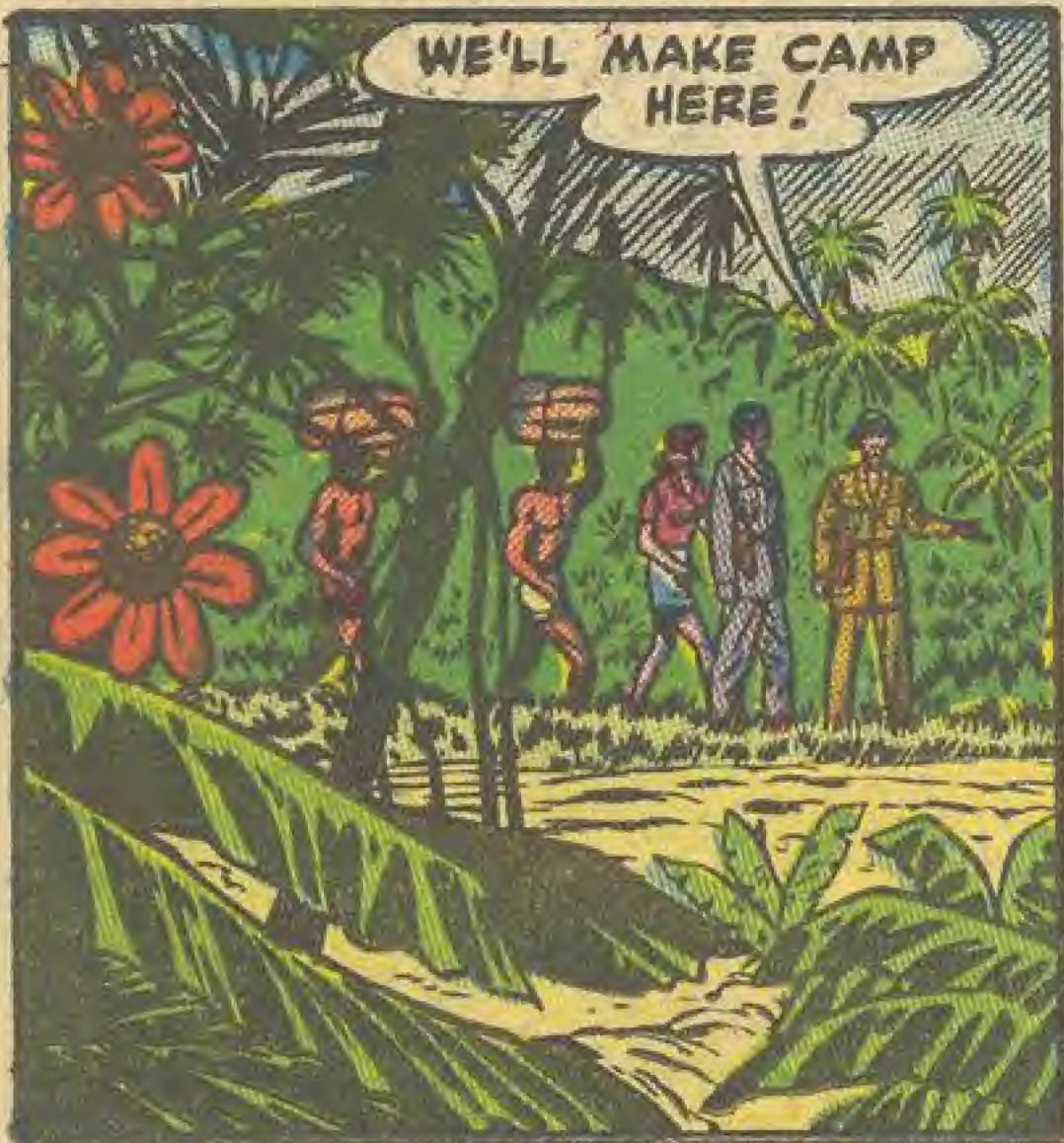


Doll Man



A THOUSAND YEAR OLD TREASURE LAY HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE GREEN HELL OF UNEXPLORED JUNGLE! WHAT WAS THE STRANGE SECRET OF OLD SALADIN? COULD A MAN BURIED A THOUSAND YEARS OUTWIT THE VENTURESOME FEW WHO SOUGHT HIS ANCIENT HOARD? THE DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL FIND A SURPRISING ANSWER ON
"THE SINISTER SAFARI!"

DEEP IN THE TRACKLESS HEART OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE, AN EXPEDITION IS CALLED TO A HALT...



WE'LL MAKE CAMP HERE!

WE'VE MADE ONLY FOURTEEN MILES TODAY! HARD GOING IN THIS JUNGLE GROWTH! BUT, ACCORDING TO THE MAP, WE SHOULD BE GETTING NEAR THE PYGMY COUNTRY!

THAT'S WHERE REAL TROUBLE WILL BEGIN, LARSEN!



THE PYGMY TRIBES IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD ARE REPUTED TO BE HEAD-HUNTERS... AND THEY ESPECIALLY PRIZE THE HEADS OF WHITE MEN!

STOP US FROM FINDING SALADIN'S TREASURE!



MANY CENTURIES AGO THE FAMED SULTAN SALADIN HID HIS RICHEST TREASURES HERE TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE INVADING CRUSADERS!

SALADIN WAS ONE OF HISTORY'S CLEVEREST RULERS! HE... EYAAH!

WHAT'S GOING ON?

IT'S DAMIAN! HE'S BEATING ONE OF THE NATIVES!

HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND, DAMIAN? YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO WHIP OUR BEARERS!

THE LAZY DOGS NEED DISCIPLINE! HE WASN'T WORKING HARD ENOUGH TO SUIT ME!

I'M STILL HEAD OF THIS EXPEDITION, DAMIAN! YOU'RE JUST MY ASSISTANT! AND YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM ME!

ALL RIGHT! BUT IT'LL TAKE US THAT MUCH LONGER TO FIND SALADIN'S TREASURE!

I'M SORRY DAMIAN CAME ALONG ON THIS TREASURE HUNT! HE'S GETTING HARDER TO HANDLE ALL THE TIME... AND THE NATIVES HATE HIM!

THAT'S THE GOLD ITCH, LARSEN! I'M GLAD MARTHA AND I JUST CAME ALONG TO LOOK FOR INTERESTING SPECIMENS OF INSECT LIFE!

DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE MENACING JUNGLE...

ANOTHER OF THE NATIVE BOYS FELL ILL TODAY! WE CAN'T KEEP LOSING MEN AT THIS RATE!

IT'S DANGEROUS COUNTRY, LARSEN! OLD SALADIN KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE HID HIS TREASURE HERE!

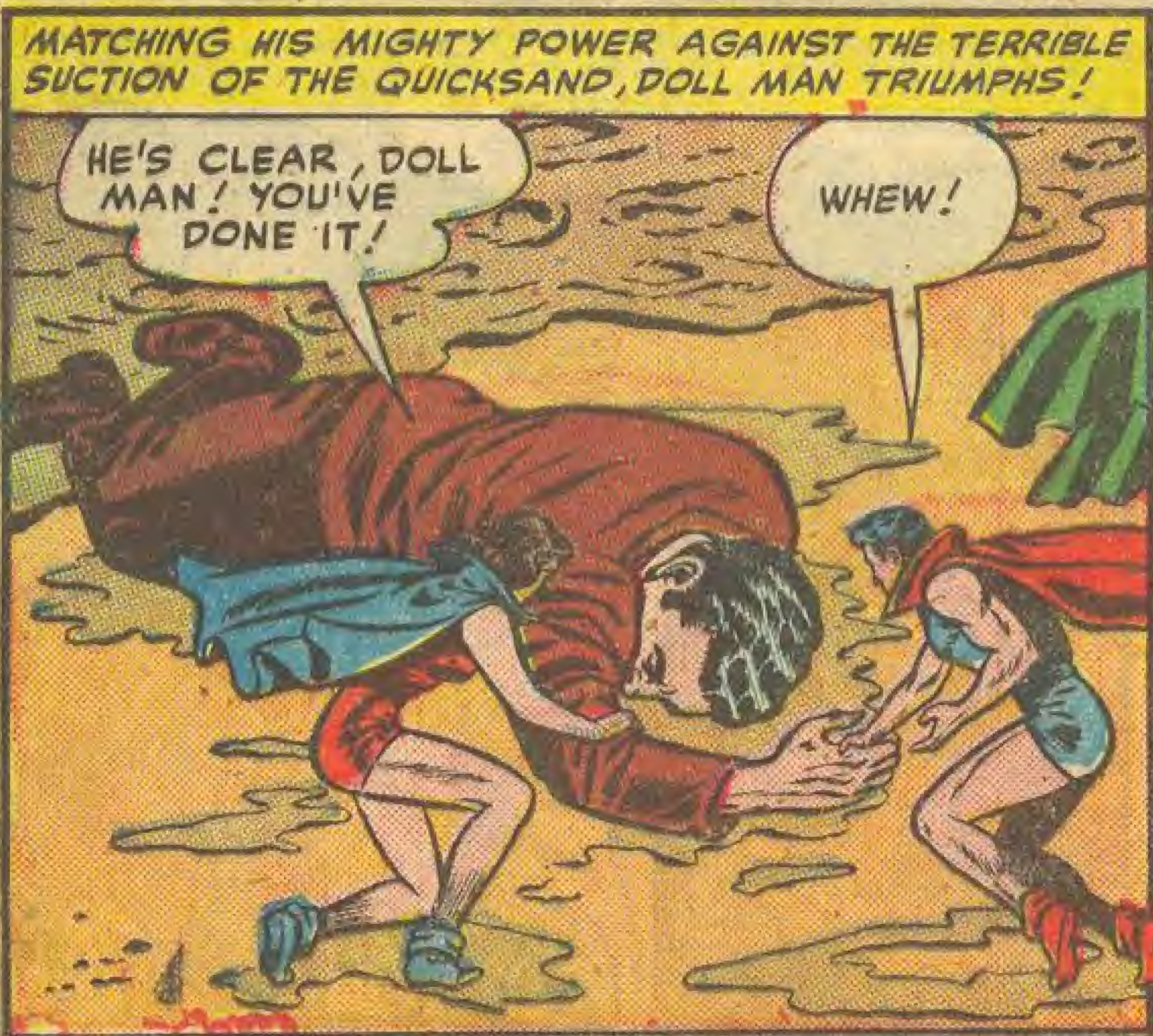
HELP! I'M SINKING!

DAMIAN! HE'S CAUGHT IN A QUICKSAND!

DOLL MAN



DARREL DANE AND MARTHA ROBERTS POSSESS THE REMARKABLE ABILITY TO CONDENSE THE ATOMS OF THEIR BODIES BY AN EFFORT OF WILL... AND SO BECOME THE DIMINUTIVE DYNAMOS DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL!



DOLL MAN



DAY AFTER HEAT-TORTURED DAY, THE EXPEDITION SLOGS FORWARD INTO THE DEEPS OF THE DARK CONTI- NENT...



DOLL MAN



THEN I'M AFRAID WE'LL DO IT WITHOUT NATIVE BEARERS OR SUPPLIES! THAT ATTACK SCARED 'EM OFF!

I NEVER DID TRUST THE ~~GOXX#~~! LAZY DOGS!

GONE!



I CAN'T BLAME THEM FOR BEING SCARED, DAMIAN! AND YOUR CONDUCT WAS NO HELP TOWARD MAKING THEM FEEL LOYALTY TO US!

WE'D BETTER NOT QUARREL AMONG OURSELVES, LARSEN! THERE'S ONLY FOUR OF US LEFT!



HE'S RIGHT, LARSEN! MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT NOW!

LUCKILY, WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE SITE INDICATED ON THIS OLD MAP! ANOTHER DAY'S MARCH WILL BRING US TO THE PLACE WHERE SALADIN'S TREASURE IS BURIED!

That EVENING...



DAMIAN! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?

OH! I'D HOPED YOU WERE ASLEEP, LARSEN!



I'M TAKING THE MAP AND GOING TO FIND SALADIN'S TREASURE... ALONE! I DON'T NEED YOU ANYMORE, LARSEN!

NO! HELP!

LARSEN'S CRY IS HEARD IN THE NEARBY TENTS! WITHIN MOMENTS, DARREL DANE AND MARTHA ROBERTS TRANSFORM THEMSELVES INTO DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL!



BAM!

GOOD GLORY! THAT WAS A SHOT!



LARSEN IS WOUNDED!

DAMIAN... THE MAP... OHHHH!



THE BULLET JUST CREASED HIS SKULL! I'LL TEND TO HIM, DOLL MAN!

OKAY! THAT'LL LEAVE ME FREE TO HANDLE MR. DAMIAN!

DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN

AFTER A PATIENT SEARCH ...



THAT SCREAM! ONLY A MAN IN AN AGONY OF TERROR COULD MAKE A SOUND LIKE THAT!

EEEEHH!



IT'S DAMIAN ... AND HE'S BEEN DROWNED! SOMEBODY PUSHED HIS HEAD DOWN INTO THE SWAMP!



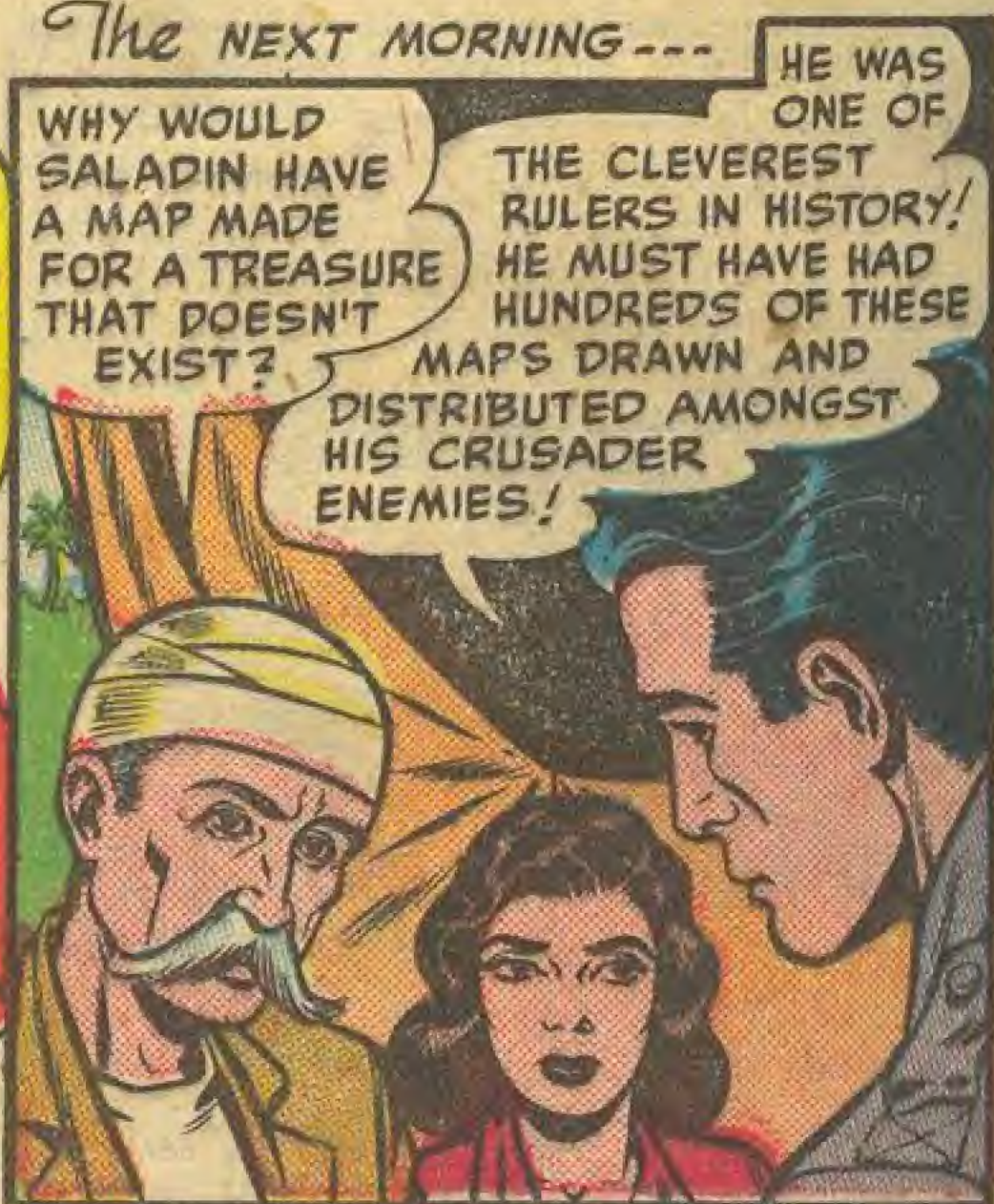
OH, NO! I WAS WRONG ... HE ... HE HASN'T ANY HEAD!



THE PYGMY HEAD-HUNTERS GOT HIM! ACCORDING TO THE MAP, DAMIAN DIED ON THE VERY SITE OF SALADIN'S TREASURE! IT'S THIS SWAMP!



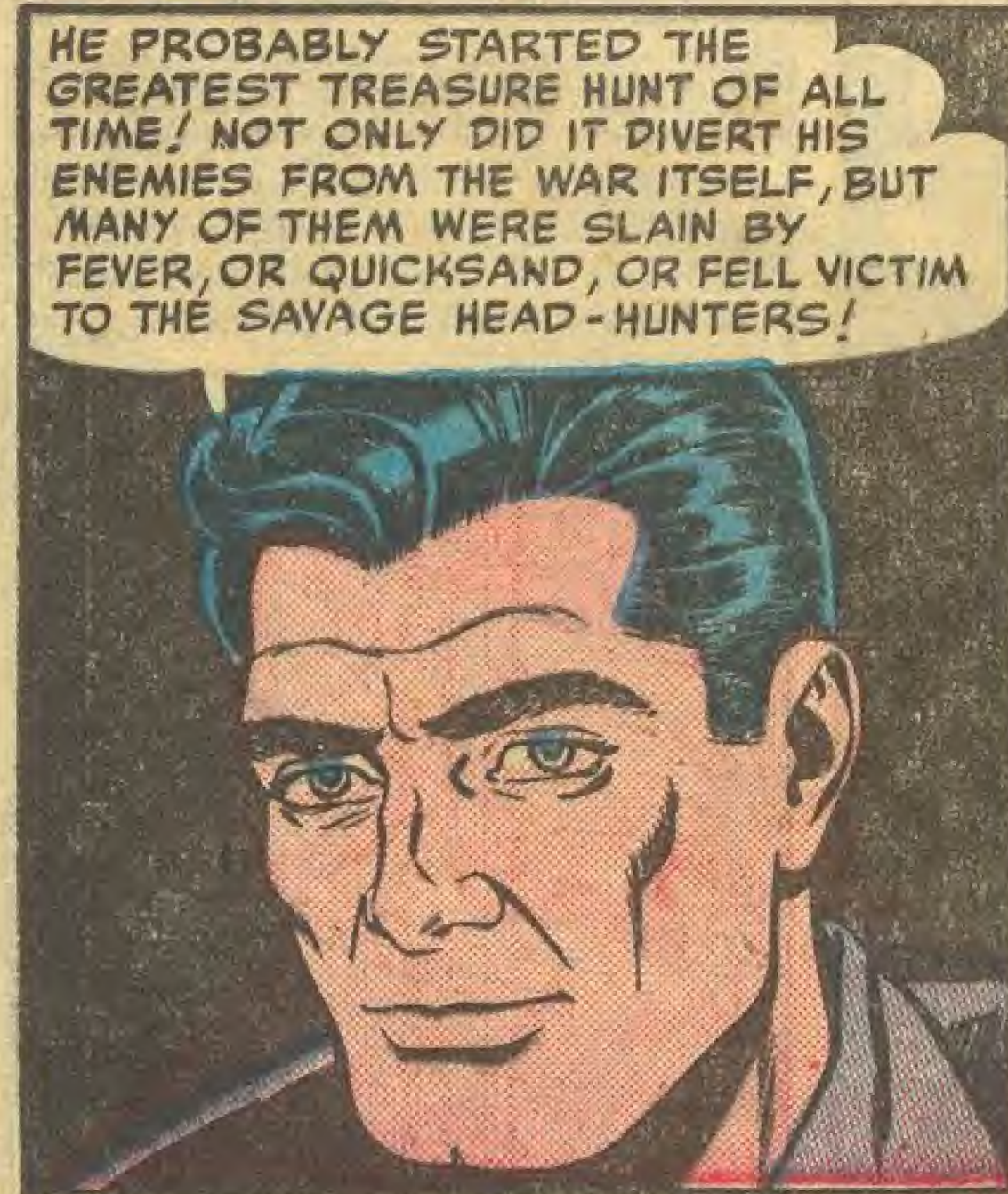
BUT SALADIN WOULDN'T BURY TREASURE WHERE NO ONE COULD EVER FIND IT AGAIN! THERE IS ONLY ONE ANSWER! OLD SALADIN PULLED ONE OF THE GREATEST HOAXES IN HISTORY! THERE NEVER WAS ANY TREASURE!



The NEXT MORNING ...

WHY WOULD SALADIN HAVE A MAP MADE FOR A TREASURE THAT DOESN'T EXIST?

HE WAS ONE OF THE CLEVEREST RULERS IN HISTORY! HE MUST HAVE HAD HUNDREDS OF THESE MAPS DRAWN AND DISTRIBUTED AMONGST HIS CRUSADER ENEMIES!



HE PROBABLY STARTED THE GREATEST TREASURE HUNT OF ALL TIME! NOT ONLY DID IT DIVERT HIS ENEMIES FROM THE WAR ITSELF, BUT MANY OF THEM WERE SLAIN BY FEVER, OR QUICKSAND, OR FELL VICTIM TO THE SAVAGE HEAD-HUNTERS!



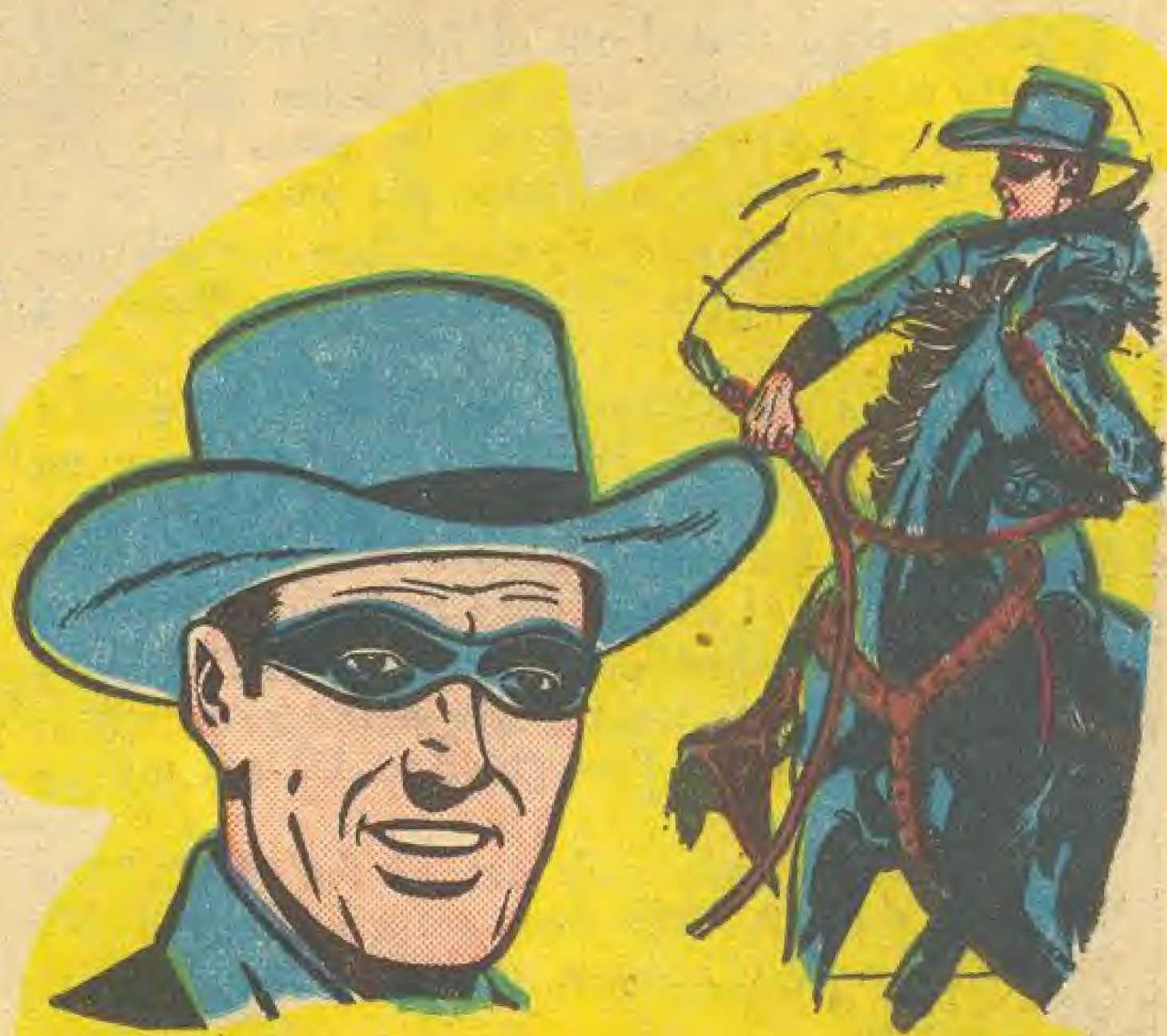
YOU KNOW, DARREL, I CAN'T HELP FEELING THAT SALADIN IS LAUGHING AT US, SOMEHOW!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, MARTHA! HIS OLD STRATAGEM CLAIMED A VICTIM ... ALMOST A THOUSAND YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH! WE LOST SOME DIGNITY ... BUT, DON'T FORGET, DAMIAN LOST HIS HEAD!

ALL YOUR FAVORITE WESTERN HEROES!



ARIZONA RAINES
AND HIS SIDE-KICK
SPURS!



JOHNNY LASH, THAT COLORFUL
Dynamic **WHIP!**

ALL IN THE POPULAR



TWO-GUN
Lil,
PISTOL-PACKING
PACKAGE OF
DYNAMITE!



For REAL
COWBOY
ADVENTURES
READ
**CRACK
WESTERN**



**BOB
ALLEN,**
FIGHTING
FRONTIER
MARSHAL!

REVENGE

DEEP hatred darted out of Artie Pringle's eyes! He stood leaning on a desk in the publishing house here he had worked for two years and glaring at Ed Boyd who had taken his place.

"Okay, Ed," he said, "you've taken my job and you've taken my girl. But I'll get even. Wait and see."

"Artie, I'm sorry," explained Ed. And he seemed sincere. "It's not my fault that you fell down on the job here. And as for Hazel—well, it just happens that we fell in love. We're going to be married. But none of it was done maliciously."

"But it's wrecked everything for me," replied Artie. "It's left me looking like a failure in everything. But I'll come through. And I'll get my revenge, too."

Ed watched Artie walk out of the office. "Too bad," he thought. "The guy's got a lot on the ball. Brains, too. But he just doesn't know what to do about it."

Artie had always been a scholar. And he was smart! Smart enough to get a job that looked like a good pay-off, as the secretary for old Mr. Martin Longley who was a millionaire. Artie became his close companion, only he went under another name. He had taken the job under the name of his arch-enemy, Ed Boyd. Artie had plans—to take what he wanted from the decrepit old fellow, walk out, and let the blame fall where it would. But, at least, no one would know his real identity.

"I need some money from the safe," Mr. Longley said one day. "The combination is three right, four left, six right and two left!"

"I'll get it for you," answered Artie with a smile. It was what he had been working for. To get the combination of the safe meant that he would be able to get away with a fortune. Mr. Longley trusted him. But, if he ever got into trouble, he could take off. And the name of Ed Boyd would be enough to get the man he hated into real trouble.

Things went pretty well for Artie after that. Occasionally he'd slip a few dollars or a few hundred

dollars from the safe into his pocket. No one knew the difference. He was riding on easy street. Mr. Longley was too senile to worry about the amount of money that was in his safe.

Life was good. Artie had almost forgotten about his dislike for Ed and his jealousy of Hazel. He hadn't heard from them for a long time. But his billfold was always bulging with bills and he felt smug in his new-found good fortune. Then, one day, a dreadful thing happened. It was Artie's day off but he returned to find Mr. Longley dead with a bullet in his head. The police grilled Artie all night. Then a suicide note was found inside the drawer of Mr. Longley's desk. It was enough to free Artie but, once again, he found himself without a job and without money. He had only a few dollars.

"But I'm sure glad the old man left a note," he sighed as he walked toward a cheap hotel. "They were trying to pin a murder rap on me."

He registered and walked up a flight of steps to his room, smiling all the way. "But I gave my real name," he said to himself. "I said I knew nothing about the place but was just coming to call. If there'd been any reason for a real case, it would have involved Ed Boyd."

Artie relaxed in the tattered room. At least, he thought, no one had caught up with his crookedness. No one knew that he had taken money from old Mr. Longley. Then he picked up the newspaper and read about Mr. Longley's will.

"To my trusted friend, Ed Boyd," it said, "the entire amount of my estate which will amount to more than a million dollars."

Artie stared. "To Ed Boyd," he muttered to himself. "He meant the estate to go to me."

And while Ed and Hazel celebrated and wondered why a total stranger would bequeath them more than a million dollars, Artie Pringle sat staring strangely at the cracked wall of his dowdy hotel room.

"I thought revenge would be sweet," he thought. "I wanted to get even with Ed Boyd. Now he's rich instead of me. Pretty poor revenge."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of DOLL MAN, published bi-monthly at Meriden, Conn. for October 1, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Alfred Grenet, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Richard E. Arnold, 347 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership, or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) Comic Favorites, Inc., 578 Summer St., Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

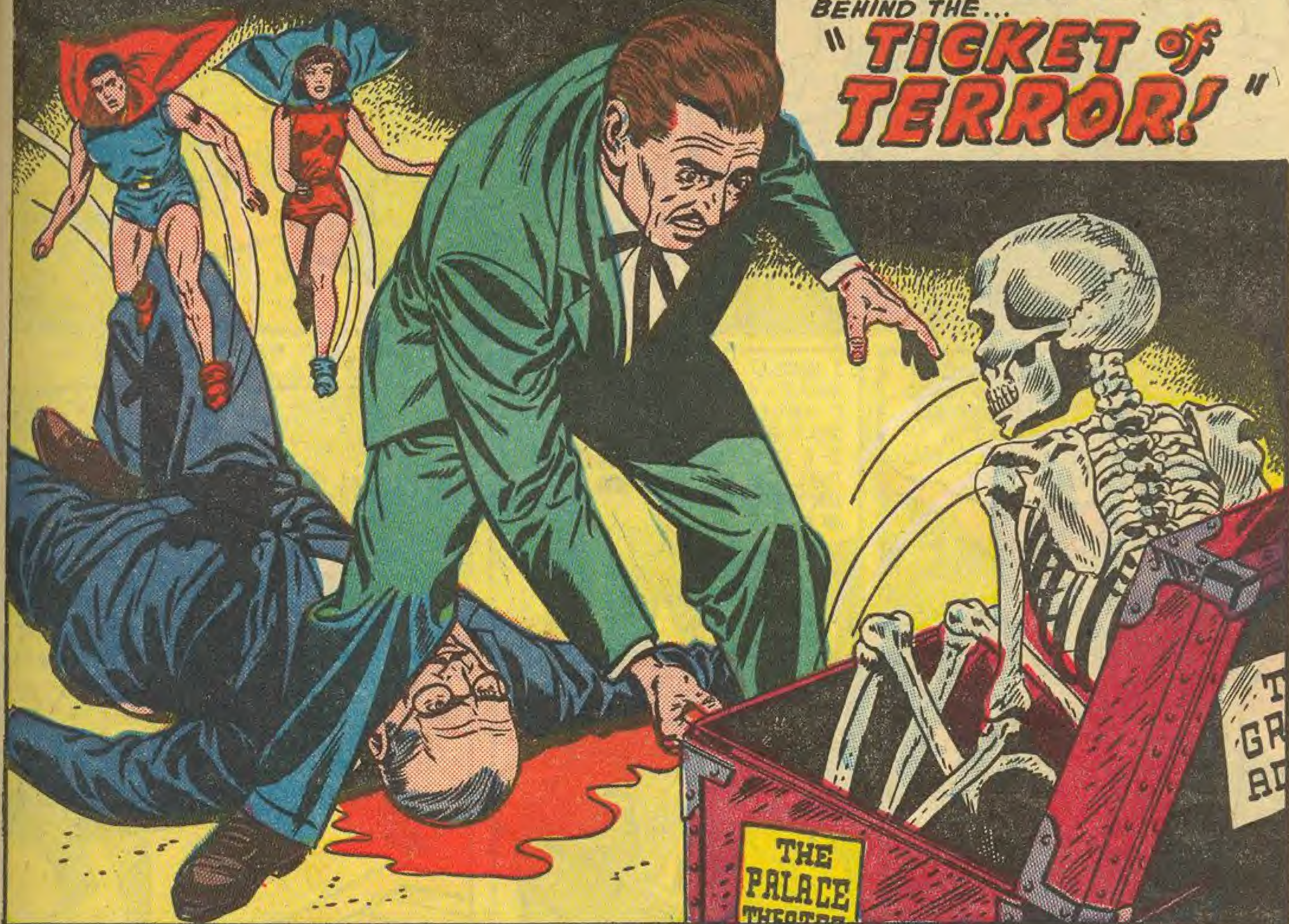
EVERETT M. ARNOLD
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscriber before me this 25th day of September, 1951.
LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public, Commission expires April 1, 1954.

DOLL MAN

THE ONLY CLUE WAS A BLOOD-STAINED PAWNBROKER'S TICKET! THE DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL FOLLOWED THAT CLUE INTO A NET OF MYSTERY, WHERE DEATH FLASHED FROM THE DARKNESS AND ONLY THE HISSING LAUGHTER OF THE ADDER TOLD WHENCE DOOM CAME! CAN THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MITES UNCOVER THE PERIL-SHROUDED PUZZLE BEHIND THE...

"TICKET OF TERROR!"



IN A PAWNSHOP IN THE THEATRICAL DISTRICT...

IT'S CLOSING TIME, SIR! COME BACK TOMORROW!

MY BUSINESS CAN'T WAIT! I WANT TO CLAIM A CERTAIN ITEM I LEFT HERE A LONG WHILE AGO!

ZWAC

HERE IS MY CLAIM TICKET!

BUT-BUT THIS IS NEARLY TWO YEARS OLD! I NEVER KEEP MERCHANDISE THAT LONG!



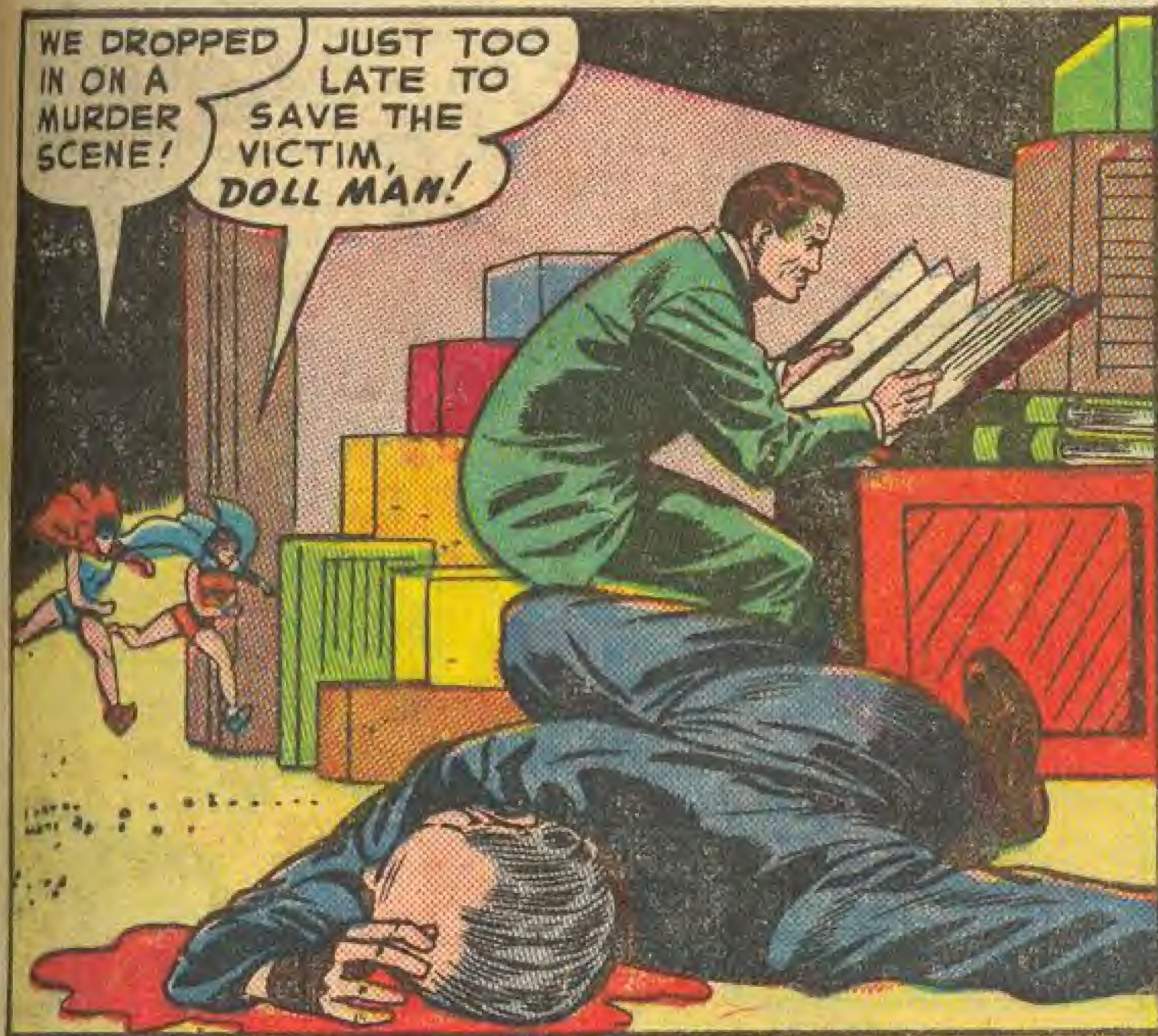
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BY AN EFFORT OF WILL, DARREL DANE AND MARTHA ROBERTS POSSESS THE UNIQUE ABILITY TO CONDENSE THE ATOMS OF THEIR BODIES... AND SO BECOME **DOLL MAN** AND **DOLL GIRL!**



DOLL MAN



DOLL MAN

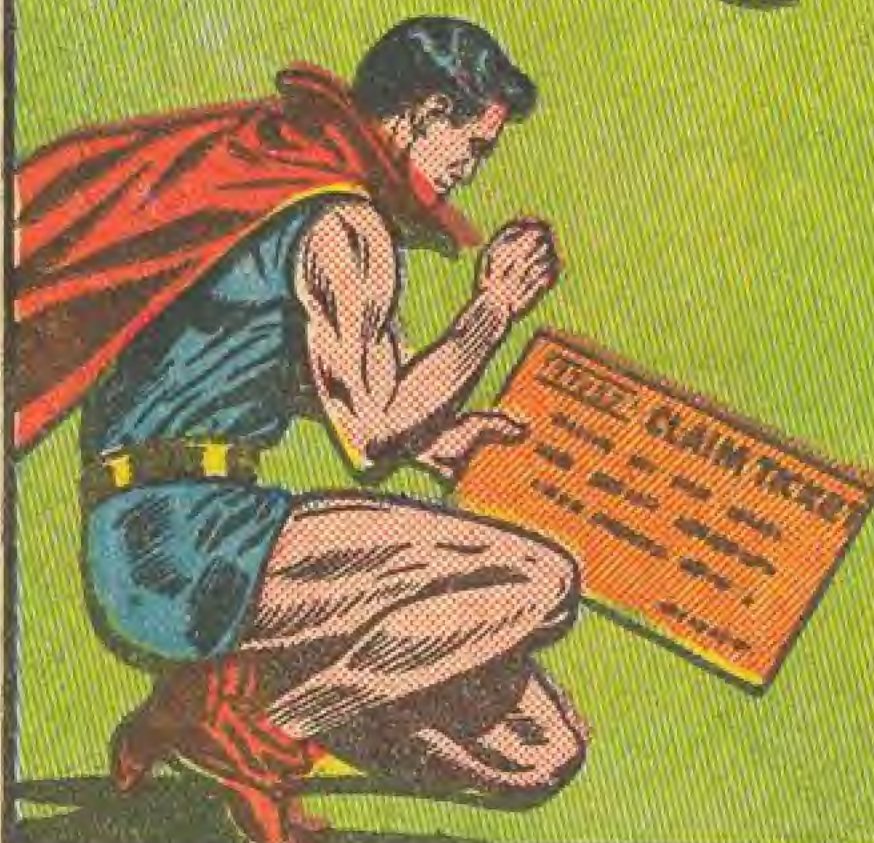
MOMENTS LATER...

THE ADDER GOT AWAY... BUT WE COULDN'T HELP IT! THAT FELLOW IS MORE DANGEROUS THAN WE REALIZED! HE CERTAINLY IS TALENTED WITH A KNIFE!



HMMM! THE PAWNBROKER DIED HOLDING THIS CLAIM TICKET! HE MAY HAVE GOTTEN IT FROM THE ADDER!

I'VE FOUND SOME THING INTERESTING TOO, DOLL MAN!



THE ADDER DROPPED THIS LEDGER DURING OUR BATTLE! IT'S THE ACCOUNT BOOK FOR THIS PAWN SHOP! AND LOOK AT THIS!

HMM! THAT NAME HAS BEEN CIRCLED



IT MAKES SENSE, DOLL GIRL! THE ADDER WAS LOOKING FOR AN ITEM LISTED HERE AS HAVING BEEN SOLD! THE NUMBER CHECKS WITH THE CLAIM TICKET THE MURDERED PAWNBROKER WAS HOLDING!



I'LL BET THE ADDER HASN'T GIVEN UP HIS SEARCH! IN THAT CASE, HIS NEXT STOP WILL BE THE APEX JUNK YARD!



MEANWHILE...

I GUESS THIS IS WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, MISTER! I DUNNO WHY YOU'RE SO ANXIOUS TO GET IT! JUST A BEATEN UP OLD TRUNK!

FORTUNATELY YOU HAVEN'T DISPOSED OF IT!



NOT LIKELY ANYBODY WOULD WANT IT! USED TO BELONG TO SOME VAUDEVILLE PERFORMER, JUDGIN' FROM THE POSTERS STUCK ALL OVER IT! IT'S EMPTY NOW, THOUGH!

I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY DOLLARS FOR IT!

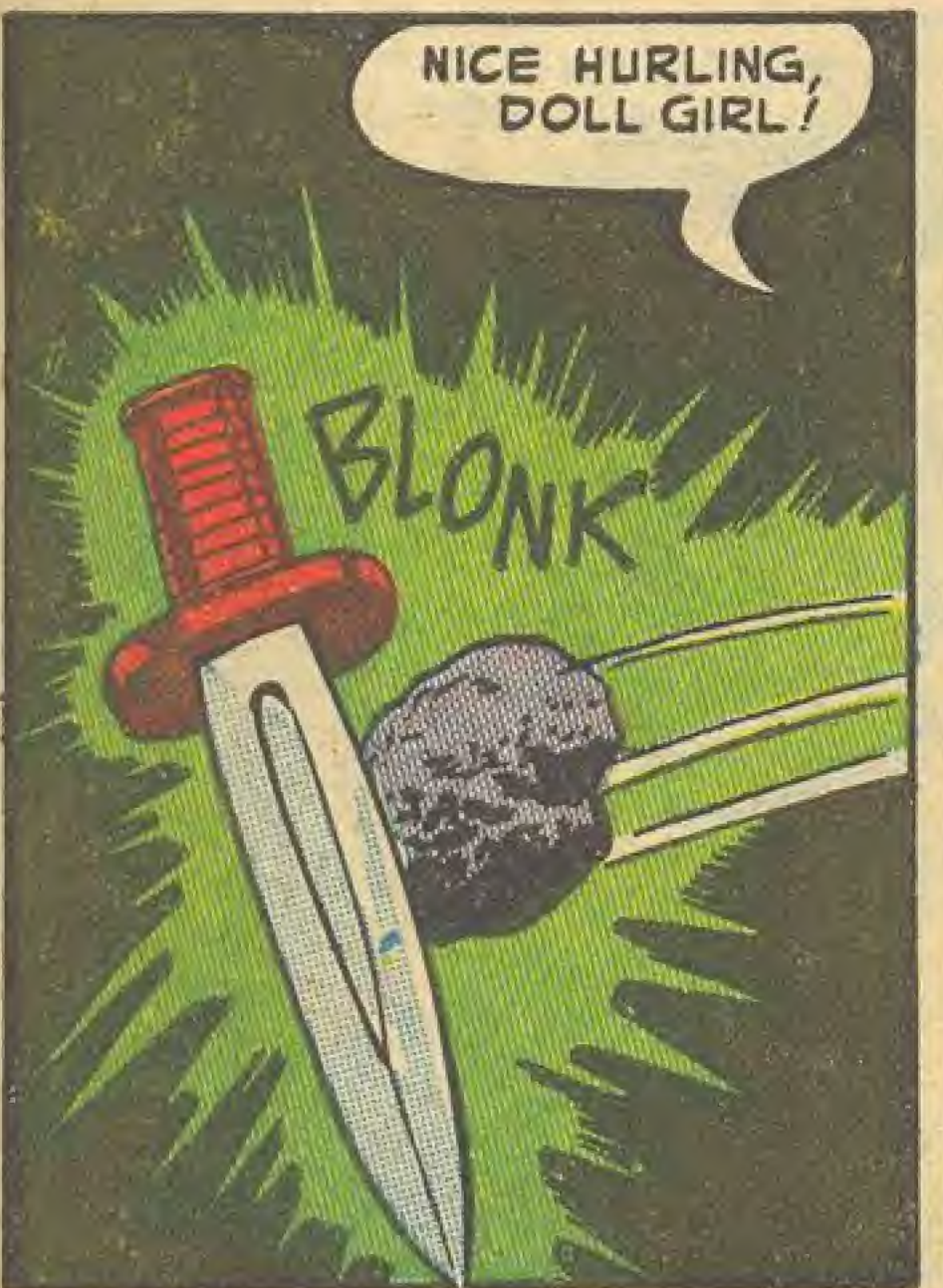


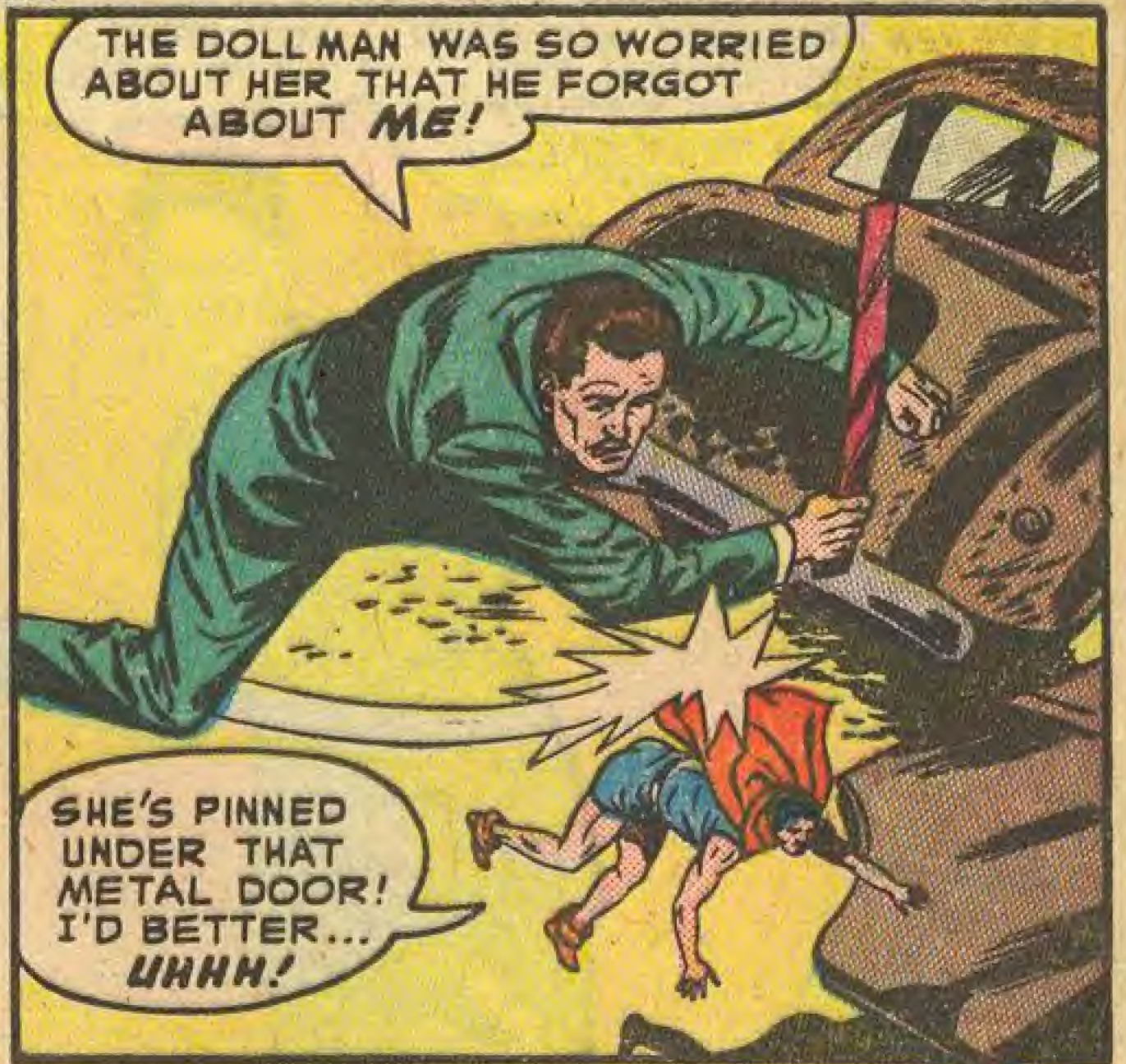
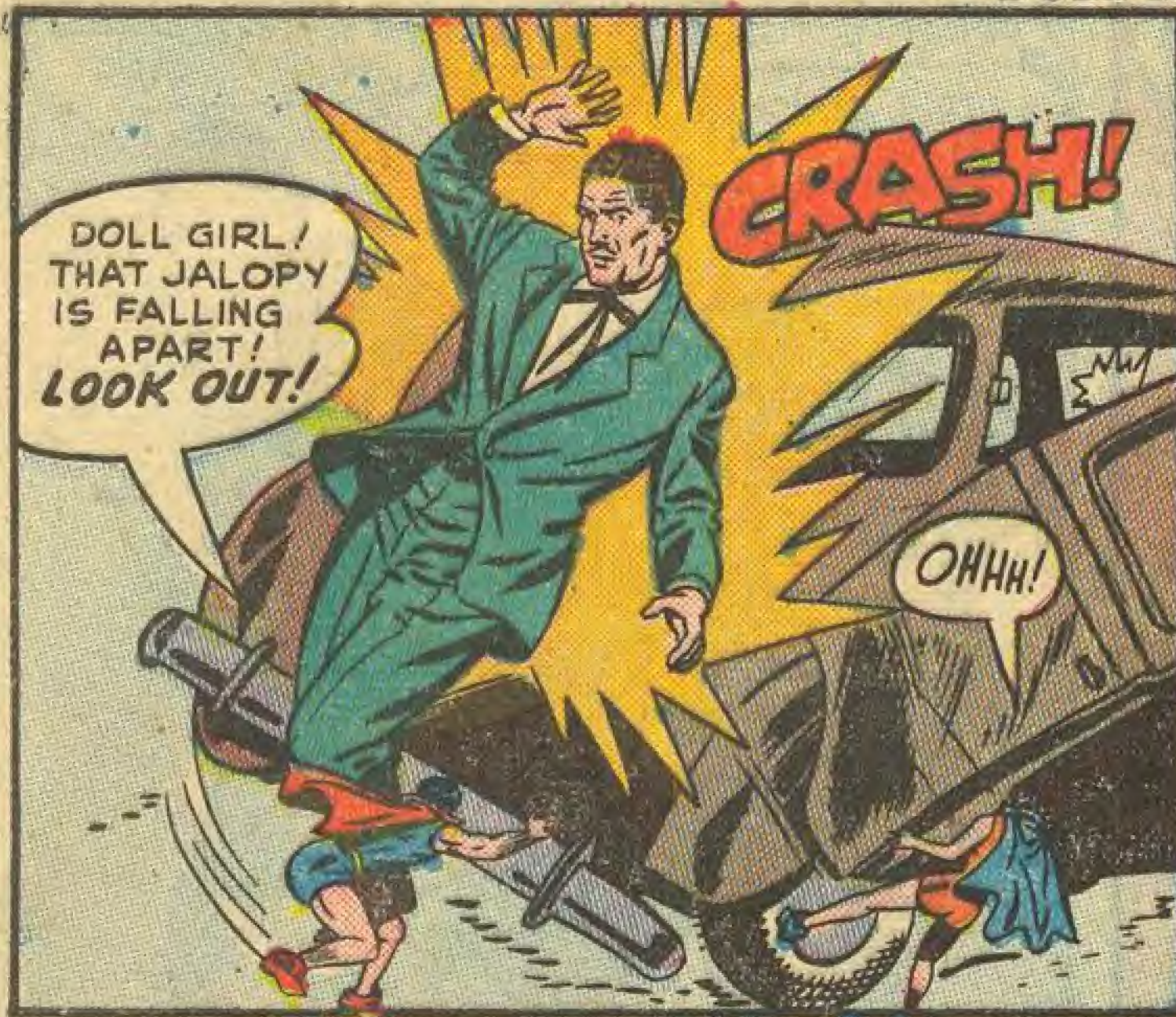
SOLD... AND YOU'RE THE SUCKER, MISTER! WHY ANYBODY WOULD WANT TO PAY A SAWBUCK FOR... SAY! I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE BEFORE!

HERE'S YOUR MONEY! I'LL TAKE THE TRUNK AND GO!



JU
C





LATER, DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL WAKEN TO HEAR THE HISSING LAUGHTER OF THE ADDER!



I FOOLED EVERYONE...UNTIL A CERTAIN DETECTIVE FIGURED OUT WHO I WAS! HE CAME TO MY DRESSING ROOM TO ARREST ME! BUT HE WAS CARELESS AND ONE OF MY KNIVES FOUND HIS HEART! HEH, HEH!



THEN I KNEW I'D HAVE TO FLEE FOR AWHILE! I SEWED MY LOOT INTO THE LINING OF MY THEATRICAL TRUNK AND PAWNED IT! I TOLD THAT STUPID PAWNBROKER I'D BE BACK TO CLAIM IT!



HE MET DEATH FOR INTERFERING WITH MY PLANS! YOU TWO WILL SHARE HIS FATE... EXCEPT THAT NO TRACE WILL EVER BE FOUND OF YOUR BODIES! HEH, HEH HEH!

I CAN'T GET FREE! THESE RAWHIDE THONGS ARE TOO TIGHT!



SECURELY LOCKED, THE TRUNK HOLDING DOLL MAN AND DOLL GIRL IS DROPPED OVER THE SIDE!



DOLL MAN

BUT EVEN AS THE FATAL TRUNK FILLS WITH WATER...

THE ADDER FORGOT THAT RAWHIDE SWELLS IN WATER! OUR BONDS ARE LOOSENED!

I CAN GET FREE NOW, DOLL MAN!

AS WE SINK LOWER, THE WATER PRESSURE OUTSIDE WILL INCREASE TOO! PUSH HARD, DOLL GIRL!

RIGHT! IF WE ADD OUR STRENGTH TO THE PRESSURE FROM OUTSIDE, WE MAY BE ABLE TO BREAK OUT OF HERE!

MOMENTS LATER...

THE TRUNK BURST! NOW TO REGAIN THE SURFACE BEFORE THE ADDER GETS AWAY IN HIS BOAT!

SWOOSH

HELLO AGAIN! HOW DID YOU LIKE OUR LOCKED TRUNK ESCAPE?

GHUHHH!

IF YOU ASK ME, HOUDINI HIMSELF COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT BETTER!

TSK-TSK! THE ADDER DOESN'T SEEM TO APPRECIATE IT!

LATER...

JUST PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY, DOLL MAN! YOU KNOW, THE ADDER USED TO PERFORM ON THE STAGE TOO!

IS THAT SO? I'M SURE THE WARDEN WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR ABOUT IT.. WHEN WE GET HIM TO PRISON!

THIS PAWN TICKET BELONGS IN OUR TROPHY CASE, DARREL! IT'S A MEMENTO OF ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS KILLERS WE EVER FACED!

NO ONE NEED WORRY ABOUT THE ADDER AGAIN! HIS FANGS HAVE BEEN DRAWN... PERMANENTLY!

FINAL Daily Times
ADDER DIES IN CHAIR

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

NAME TO BE ENGRAVED _____

(Print Plainly)



BUNK!

NOBODY IS JUST "Naturally"

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day And I'll
Give YOU A NEW BODY

WOULD you believe it? I was once a skinny 97-pound weakling. People used to laugh at my spindly build. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered at me behind my back. Folks said I was just "naturally-born skinny!"

Then I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title, "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS!

ARE YOU

Skinny and run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Lacking in Confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from bad breath?
Do you want to gain weight?
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told on this page!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel full of zip, ambition, self-confidence, and new energy!

"Dynamic Tension" Builds You NATURALLY

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body. In a very short time, you'll watch it grow and multiply into real, solid, rippling, LIVE MUSCLE.

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man" in an international contest.



FREE BOOK Mail coupon now. I'll send my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Mail coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330R 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

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Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____